

THE Liguorian

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a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Dictators Not Wanted

Many professedly good Americans do not realize that, by their views on economic and industrial relations, they are favoring a dictatorship in America. See whether you are one of them.

D. F. Miller

THESE ARE the questions that lie behind all discussions of the social and economic problems of our day: "Who shall control industrial relations? Who shall decide what is the right profit for capital and business, the right wages for labor, the right prices for things produced, and the right conditions under which one man is to work for another? In a word, who shall be the dictator of the factors affecting human relations that arise out of the very nature of industry and business today?"

There are four possible answers to these questions. Each of the four answers has its champions and its arguments. But when each of the four has been examined calmly and carefully, it will be clear that only one of them can be the foundation for industrial peace and general prosperity in a nation.

1.

Industrial relations should be controlled, determined and directed solely by the owners and managers of business.

This is the first of the four answers advanced to the questions above. Though it is contrary to the trends and practices of recent times, it still has a considerable number of vociferous champions.

Among them are the official circle of

the National Association of Manufacturers. What they mean by the slogan, "freedom of enterprise", with but minor modifications here and there, is the above stated proposition. Even though many of them have been forced by popular uprising and national legislation to accept modifications of the principle in practice, it is quite clear that they would like nothing better than to return to the days when it was the rule in the industrial world. This does not apply to all the rank and file members of the National Association of Manufacturers; many of them do not agree with the general propaganda line of their organization.

Upholders of the same principle are anti-union publicists such as Westbrook Pegler, and all who feel that he has the solution of the problems of industrial relations. Pegler has stated that all present day unions are evil and un-American, and should be disbanded. What he clearly wants, therefore, since he is not a socialist or communist, is that all authority over labor, wages, prices and conditions of employment be placed in the hands of owners and managers of business.

Also in this class is every business man who resists the unionization of his

shop, joins lobbies against legislation that concerns itself with minimum wages, the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively, union and closed shops, working conditions, etc. Such a business man is usually heard crying "Socialism!" or "Communism!" over every piece of labor legislation that is proposed. He argues that supply and demand should be the sole rule of business, knowing well that this usually makes the owner of a business the boss and dictator of its industrial relations.

Many plausible arguments are advanced in behalf of the proposition that industrial relations should be left exclusively in the hands of business owners and managers. The arguments are based on the following assumed rights:

1) *The right of history and precedent.* For years, up almost to the turn of the century, business men were impeded in their dictatorship neither by legislation nor by union proposals. Many feel that this tradition should be restored.

2) *The right of brains and education.* The successful business man is said to be an educated genius. His talents and training, it is said, make him more capable than anyone else of making decisions concerning industrial relations. He should be permitted to make those decisions without interference from anyone.

3) *The right of success.* The material progress of America resulted, it is said, from the early devotion of her people to the principle of unlimited free enterprise. Material progress will decrease, therefore, according to this argument, in proportion to any decrease in freedom of enterprise.

4) *The right of freedom.* The right of private property includes, it is said, the right to freedom in its use, in establishing a business, in running it as one sees fit. This means that no one should have anything to say about wages,

hours, conditions of employment, etc., except the man who has put his money into the business.

Around these assumed rights most of the propaganda in behalf of unlimited free enterprise revolves. History, moral philosophy, and a knowledge of human nature all reveal their weakness. History reveals that the dictatorship of owners over industrial relations invariably leads to cut-throat competition and sub-human living conditions for millions of working people. Moral philosophy demonstrates that there is no such thing as "unlimited freedom" in the use of material things. A knowledge of human nature exposes the fact that economic power, unchecked by social responsibility, corrupts men more rapidly than any other factor in the world.

2.

Industrial relations should be controlled and determined entirely by labor and its unions.

It is remarkable that this principle is advocated as little as it is today, outside the ranks of socialist and communist demagogues. But there are those in and outside the ranks of the labor movement who do champion it. Such are the men who, having gained control of a union, usually by doubtful means, want to dictate to the owners and managers of business without concern for the latter's problems and difficulties. They want to use a union as a bludgeon with which to force business operators to submit to their extreme demands. They too use arguments based on so-called rights:

1) *The right of numbers or of democracy.* The labor force is numerically much larger than the forces of capital. In a democracy, it is said, it is the votes that count, man for man, regardless of position and influence. Therefore the votes of labor alone should de-

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cide all questions of industrial relations.

2) *The rights of the downtrodden.* For a long period workmen were at the mercy of business owners and were economically enslaved by them. The tables should now be turned and business men placed at the mercy of labor.

3) *The rights of toil.* No business can accomplish anything without labor. The indispensability of labor is said to give it the right to dictate the conditions and rewards of toil.

Instinctively most people recognize the truth that labor has no more right to dictate to business owners than ownership has to tyrannize over labor. Neither the numerical preponderance of the labor force, nor the principle of democracy, can be rightly said to destroy the necessity of authority and obedience in a business venture or in any other field. If it is true that the authority of managers in an industrial plant must not become dictatorship, it is even more true that the obedience of workers in a plant must not be supplanted by dictatorship. And for labor to argue that, because owners once misused labor, labor should now tyrannize over capital, is to support the vicious principle that two wrongs make a right. Labor is indeed necessary for any business enterprise, but so is management, labor practicing a reasonable obedience, and management exercising reasonable authority. This gives neither the right of dictatorship.

3.

Industrial relations should be controlled exclusively by the state, and the only way in which this can be achieved is for the state to seize, own and operate the business enterprises of its citizens.

Adherence to this proposition is given by every shade of socialist, communist and totalitarian. All of them agree that the state must own and operate the

means of production, though they differ in the methods advocated to bring this about.

Behind the socialist and communist contention lies a twofold assumption: 1) that men who hold the means of production as private property can never be brought to administer them justly and with regard to the common good; 2) that men who hold civil power in a state are by that fact endowed with a superior sense of justice and a superior wisdom for managing the resources of a nation in the most perfect possible way.

On the basis of these two assumptions, a number of very plausible arguments for dictatorship of the state over business are set forth:

1) So widespread have been the injustices connected with private property and enterprise, that the state must put a stop to them by destroying private property and free enterprise.

2) If the state does not take care of its underprivileged classes, by a redistribution of wealth, not for ownership but for use according to need, nobody else will.

3) Greed is inseparably associated with private ownership of property, and greed is the source of most of the other evils of a nation. The only way to eliminate greed is to eliminate private ownership of property.

The two assumptions that support these arguments, and many like them, fly into the face of reason and experience. It is clear from reason that the right to possess private property is a natural right, circumscribed, it is true, by the duties of commutative, distributive, and social justice, and of charity. The freedom, dignity, destiny and duties of man can all be shown to demand that he be able to hold material things as his own. Experience adds to this reasonable truth the fact that whenever

the right to private property has been denied or taken forcibly from people, the result has been greater injustice than before, and the progressive denial and destruction of more and more of the divinely given and inalienable rights of individuals. It is true that injustice and greed do sometimes accompany the exercise of the right to private property; but it is false to assume that they necessarily do, or that suppression of the right itself will destroy the evils.

It is even more foolish to assume that state officials will turn out to be men of superior virtue and wisdom in administering the material resources of a nation. History is crammed with examples of rulers who thought they possessed such virtue and wisdom, and assumed dictatorship over all the property of their citizens. In every case the injustices and ineptitudes of their regime turned out to be far worse than those that are associated with private ownership.

4.

Industrial relations should be subject to the cooperative decisions of capital (ownership and management) and labor (represented by responsible unions), with the state acting in an advisory capacity as representing the common good, and passing legislation only to deal with abuses on the part of either capital or labor that cannot or will not be remedied by the parties themselves.

"Capital cannot do without labor, and labor cannot do without capital," said Pope Pius XI. This mutual interdependence should find recognition and expression in mutual discussion of the human needs and problems of each, in mutual planning for the best interests of both elements, and in mutual cooperation for the common good.

It is not to be thought that the cooperation recommended here can possibly eliminate the right exercise of

authority and the reasonable practice of obedience in a business venture. Wherever men work together for a common goal, there must be authority to give commands, and obedience on the part of subjects to those commands. In all the practical and technical aspects of a business, this right order must be maintained.

However, it is in the matter of industrial relations, in those things that affect human beings as human beings, that cooperative thinking, planning and acting must be the goal. A workingman is not like a piece of lumber or a piece of steel, that an employer may use in his business venture just as he pleases. The worker has his own rights and needs; he has God-given freedom; he has a supernatural destiny to attain. He has a right to be heard on all matters that affect him as a human being and a child of God, such as wages, conditions of labor, security, etc., and a natural right to organize unions through whose numerical strength his voice in these matters can be heard. By the same token owners and employers have a right to be heard on these matters, both as they affect the successful operation of their business and themselves as human beings. The rights of these two classes of human beings can be brought together only by mutual and cooperative thinking, planning and acting. Neither has any right to exercise dictatorship over the other. Neither should consider himself at war with the other, striving for mastery and dictatorship. Neither should enter into plots and conspiracies against the other, because plots and conspiracies are the adjuncts of warfare, not the activities of peace-loving free men trying to work out their salvation and destiny together.

Progress has been made toward this goal, but we are a long way from achieving it fully. There are still capitalists

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who want dictatorship in all matters over labor, labor racketeers who want to dictate to or else destroy capital, and politicians who want the state to assume dictatorship over both capital and labor, in which process they themselves would become the dictators. True

Americans want no such dictatorships; but they should realize that the longer they resist cooperation in human and industrial relations, the greater becomes the danger that all their freedoms will be destroyed.

Exchange

The first bit of land that was touched by Columbus on his journey across the unknown waters of the Atlantic he named *San Salvador* in honor of the Son of God, the Saviour of the world as well as the Creator. It was a grand profession of faith in the omnipresence of God even in the unknown and uncivilized wilds of the new world. Columbus touched the new continent and then sailed on for further explorations.

Some years afterwards the English colonists came. On hearing the name of the place where they intended to settle, they were scandalized. The title *San Salvador* was irreverent, even superstitious. Immediately they expunged it from the record. It would never do to name something after Our Lord. No longer was San Salvador *San Salvador*.

They called upon their imagination for a fitting name. And they finally agreed to a name that was far more religious according to their religion, and far more imaginative according to their imagination, than the name Columbus decided on. What was the new name? *Cat Island*! The *San Salvador* of Catholic Columbus became *Cat Island* of Protestant Englishmen. Which name do you like better?

Village Prayer

Pio Pedroso, writing in the Filipino Catholic monthly, *The Cross*, tells of an ancient custom highly modernized. He encountered the custom in the Filipino town of Palo.

The parish priest of the town had installed a public address system, with loud speakers situated in various strategic points throughout the village and even in the surrounding *barrios* or suburbs. Early in the morning his voice could be heard over the public address system, inviting all the townspeople to join him in prayer, at the break of a new day. At six in the evening he would lead his parishioners in the recitation of the Angelus. And at eight he would invite all to join him in the saying of night prayers, and after that in the recitation of the rosary.

Palo is a small town, with simple, warm-hearted people, and the efforts of the pastor met with immediate success. According to Mr. Pedroso, who witnessed the sight, it was an inspiring thing to see the people kneeling down in the streets and squares and in front of their homes and joining wholeheartedly in the recitation of these simple and beautiful prayers.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Too Many Children

Problem: "I am a young Catholic mother of three children. We have been married a little over three years. I don't dare let my husband take a chance on my becoming pregnant again. For one thing, my children are all too close; I mean they should be three or four years apart so that we could get ahead a little and take care of them rightly. My husband's job pays him about \$200 a month, but last winter he was laid off from December to April, and we got only \$45 for two weeks, which hardly paid for groceries. I don't see how we'd get along next winter if we had another child. I don't know what to do."

Solution: First of all, your letter indicates that you have fallen into a state of panic that is anything but proper to a Christian. It is true that you cannot help feeling worried as you recall the struggles of last winter, when you had to get along on only \$90 a month. Most likely, too, you have plenty of neighbors and friends who keep telling you what a terrible thing it is to have three children in a little over three years, and suggesting that you refuse to have any more for a good long time to come. I should not be surprised if your fright were due largely to the clucking and clacking of people who have desecrated their own marriages by birth control and want to bring you into their ranks.

You need to give God a higher place in your mind than He now holds. He is your Creator, Redeemer, Father and Lord. He will be your reward if you serve Him well. He will have to punish you forever if you lead a life of disobedience to Him. He made the laws of marriage, including that which forbids both contraception and the refusal of a wife to do her wifely duty. You cannot rightly raise the children you now have, nor find peace for your own heart, if you rebel against Him.

Your confessor will be able to add to these words certain practical suggestions. But nothing suggested by anyone will be of any value to you unless you begin with the determination to submit to God's will whatever it may ask, and with confidence in His power and love to take care of you and all your children. With submission to and confidence in God you can accomplish any task and fulfill any duty; without these two basic virtues of true religion, you will always have something to worry about.

The Mystery on Ardmore Street

This is a mystery story without a solution. Yet anybody who does not live on Ardmore Street will be able to understand it.

E. F. Miller

ARDMORE STREET is one of the better streets in a certain American city—better in the sense of the people (at least they think so) who live on it. The occupants of its homes are men and women of the upper middle class—men who are lawyers, doctors and owners and managers of moderately successful businesses, and women who know how to dress with distinction, to maintain remnants of youth in face and form even after youth has departed, and to fulfil the duties of housewife while fulfilling at the same time the duties attendant on membership in a dozen clubs of humanitarian purpose and incidental importance.

The houses are for the most part the new, flat kind, consisting of one story and a large bay window called a picture window facing the street, clean and unencumbered by architectural superfluities, and surrounded with delicate flower patches and carefully trimmed grass and shrubbery. There is an atmosphere of recentness over the neighborhood, as though the paint had been put on the houses and the plots of grass and flowers laid out but the other day. The trees that line the sidewalks are small and thin and scrawny, for, like everything else, they are new. Water sprinklers fight the burning power of the sun from May until October.

The tone of the families that live on Ardmore Street is respectability, that is, a brand of respectability peculiar to a class of people in America, which is a compound of secularism, snobbery and hypocrisy. The right clothes, the

right friends, the right profession; the cocktail party, the long Sunday mornings in bed, the distaste for dirt, robbing with a gun, and large families; the hatred or at least disgust of wives for husbands and husbands for wives, the discreet affair of the heart on the side, the penchant for psychiatry, inebriety and the uninhibited making of large sums of money; patriotism, phariseism and, in a watered-down and pinkish form, Communism.

About one out of every three families on the street is Catholic. The Catholics follow closely the pattern of their respectable neighbors. They patronize the public schools instead of the parochial; they are not unknown in the divorce courts of the city and, although they are quite regular in attending the last Mass on Sunday in their parish church, they are totally absorbed in the separating of their daily activities from the spiritual and supernatural.

Christ has not as yet found welcome in the fine and sterile homes on Ardmore Street even as He found no welcome in the inns of Bethlehem. But He is still knocking on the doors. There have been visitations that proved His nearness—occasional conversions of men who had been thorough pagans, sudden and inexplicable deaths, visits of priests and the representatives of priests such as the Legion of Mary. So far the realization of this nearness has not penetrated the consciousness of the people. But God is not giving up. He is still knocking on the doors.

It was in the Spring of 1949 that

the strange markings first appeared on the front wall of the houses. They seemed to be dates taken off a calendar, and were written in the abbreviated form of a man who is in a hurry or who does not have the space to write out in full what is in his mind. They were written like this: 9/13/49, 2/16/50, 12/21/49, and so on. Some of the houses had three and four such notations, each one different, and each one neatly lined up under the other, similar to the sums drawn up in a ledger by a bookkeeper. No house had more than five. Empty houses had none.

Even after careful scrutiny it was impossible to tell the composition of the material used in making the signs. It was not paint or chalk or crayon. It had a glow to it at times, almost fluorescent, while at other times it was dull and dark like a murky cloud. Later it was found to be washable in soap and water, yet possessed of a kind of shadow that would not be erased.

Of course there was surprise at first, and then deep anger amongst all the tenants of the street. These homes were new. How could a man be so low as deliberately to deface them, especially when nothing had been done to him to demand reprisal? So spoke the people. Whoever the culprit was, he should be brought to justice and made to pay for his warped and misguided sense of humor.

It is a trait of the special kind of American respectability of which I speak to feel more pain because of physical defacement than because of moral defacement. Very few of the Catholics on the street were good Catholics. They believed in the malicious limitation of the family, the omnipotence of material possessions and the absolute autonomy of their own minds, independent of the Church, in determining what is right and wrong.

Yet, these Catholics were the most vociferous in their condemnation of the vandal. Definitely he had committed a mortal sin, far worse than the killing of unborn infants or the driving out of a penniless widow from her home because she could not meet her payments. Righteousness reigned supreme while the housewives scrubbed away at the numbers. Editors wrote editorials in their papers. Ardmore Street became a place of pilgrimage. And then the Russians invented the atomic bomb, or at least found its secret. Ardmore Street was forgotten.

The second time the dates appeared the men of the street arose to a man and demanded justice. The police were called, detectives were engaged and children were kept at home after dark. The police, very official and very determined, thought at first that teenagers were the responsible parties. Nearby was a tremendous public high school, and the pranks of the pupils who attended this school were notorious far and wide. The police said that they would not put it past the young ones to tear down the houses on Ardmore Street if they felt like it, much less merely to paint some signs on them. The police said that they would do what they could. They would look in on the school.

The principal of the school, a tall and sallow man and very adept in the use of the jargon current in Psychology and Education text books, was the first to be questioned. He knew nothing, absolutely nothing. Furthermore, he did not feel that it was good for the morale of the students in the school for policemen to be seen in the corridors as though the institution were a jail instead of a bastion of liberty, as was every public school. He felt it his duty to ask them to leave the premises at once. When the policemen showed re-

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luctance to obey, they were told that they were interfering with the freedom of education, that they were acting like fascists and Nazi overlords, and that their superiors as well as the people would be informed of the manner in which they conducted their investigations.

It was clear that nothing could be learned in this department, even after a number of the more prominent hoodlums amongst the boys and girls were called out of class and questioned sharply as to their whereabouts on the night in question. They were arrogant and wise far beyond their years, putting on a front like Humphrey Bogart, and acting the part of untouchable law breakers in the best moving picture tradition. They dared the police to make something of their accusations. They had fathers who were lawyers, fathers who were in politics, fathers who were rich. In spite of their boldness and their "front" it was quickly evident to the police that they were not guilty.

The next call was made on the parents of the children who lived on Ardmore Street. Here again the police received no help. The mothers and fathers resented the very implication that their children could be guilty of anything more criminal than coming late for school. They said that their offspring did not even know the facts of life, that hurting anyone or anyone's house was as foreign to them as stealing or fornication. They hinted darkly about the children down the street in so-and-so's house who had been in trouble before, and about the children in the corner house whose parents were poor and who didn't know how to keep their children clean, and who had too many children in the first place. But their own children? Never. They would stake their reputation on it.

So, there was nothing for the police to do but go back to headquarters and report that all possible suspects in the immediate neighborhood of the misdemeanor appeared to be innocent and that the guilty one would have to be found in other parts. If headquarters, they muttered, would hire a chemist who could work out a little problem in analysis, the task of having justice done would be much easier. This indicated that there were wheels within wheels at headquarters, that all was not as calm and peaceful as one might suppose it would and should be in the temple of the law. Evidently the policemen did not like the man who had been appointed to determine the material used in the defacing of the houses. If they, the policemen, knew what stuff was used, they could trace down where it was bought and then the one who bought it. This way, without anything to go on, they were chasing after a shadow.

Meanwhile housewives were out with buckets and brushes, scrubbing away for the second time. Washing the front of their homes was becoming a habit with them. So far no one amongst the amateur detectives came up with a satisfactory explanation as to what the numbers signified. Nobody tried very hard. They were too intent on discovering the one who committed the crime to be bothered about why he did it. If the whole thing were a joke or a bit of childish destructiveness, there would be no meaning to the numbers at all except as an expression of a disregard for other people's property.

But why should each house have a different amount of numbers? Some had a column of five sets of dates, others had four, others three, and a few just two. There seemed to be some plan in the arrangement. But not a single resident could figure out what the plan was.

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The only thing to do was to scrub off the numbers and to wait hopefully either for an arrest by the police or a discovery by the amateurs. Justice was bound to win out in the long run.

On November 3, 1949, the son of a lawyer on Ardmore Street by the name of Strassman, a boy of seventeen years and a junior in high school, was driving his father's car home from a party. The roads were icy, the visibility poor. This meant nothing to young Strassman. Rolling along at a high speed, he could not make a corner and crashed into a tree. He was instantly killed.

The news reached the parents as they were returning from a party of their own. A squad car drove them to the hospital where the boy had been taken. There was nothing they could do. Fortunately someone had called the priest and the lad was anointed on the chance that there might be a spark of life left in his body although all the signs pointed to the fact that death had already come. Perhaps it did him some good. The mother and father were sure that it had saved him. That was only natural. All of a sudden religion seemed to be a thing of great importance to them.

It was too bad that young Strassman had been asked to make so quick a journey to eternity. Never had he attended the Catholic school. Always he had been given his own way in the pursuit of his fancies and desires. When in the early years of high school he was going steady with a girl no older than himself, and though he spent almost all his waking hours in her company, his parents had nothing to say to him in the way of reprimand or warning. His religious instruction at home had been meagre. His attendance at the Sacraments had been rare. The love given him had been a love connected only with the needs of his body. It was on his

body, or rather on his temporal life, that his parents had pinned all their future happiness.

Thus, it was not surprising that they were inconsolable and that they should carry on as though their hearts had been torn asunder. They could not be talked out of their despair. They neither ate nor slept. And there were no other sons and daughters with whom they might have shared their grief.

For years it had been their contention (and they had preached it to their friends with the authority of infallibility) that no young couple should have more children than they could afford. They felt that they could afford only one, that is, if they wanted to give that one a university education and all the other things that were considered essential to the "better" life such as they knew it. So they had one, only one, and now that one would not need a university education. The money set aside for him would gather dust in waiting. There was no one who could use it.

Nor could they find solace in each other's closeness, for they did not love each other any longer. The spring of love had long since dried up within them, leaving only the arid ground of indifference and unconcern. It always happens that when God is not loved, human beings cannot be loved, not even husbands and wives. The love they seem to have is made of imitation goods and does not stand up well under the wear of tragedy.

For the Strassmans God did not seem to be a personal God on whom they might lean and from whom they might find the strength to face with faith and courage the utter and awful finality of death. They stood and grieved, each one alone, like men who have no hope.

The wake was held in the undertaking parlors. An expensive casket had been selected, and the boy's features

were so arranged that he seemed to be, not dead, but only sleeping. Each evening at eight o'clock the rosary was recited, and hundreds of mourning friends spoke the traditional sentences of sympathy. At ten o'clock the parlors were closed and the Strassmans returned to their home.

On the last night of the wake a young man awaited them on the walk before their house. He lived next door and was known as a curious lad, unathletic, uninterested in girls (although he was a sophomore in high school), and content to read and study when his school mates were at their games and parties. It was characteristic of him always to be coming up with odd bits of fact and information that startled those who heard him. This time was no exception.

"I was going by your house today," he said, "and I noticed that the dates that were painted on the side had not been entirely washed out. There were three of them, I mean dates. It's the third one that is interesting. It is 11/3/49. That's the day your son was killed. Do you think that there could be anything to it?"

"What do you mean—'anything to it?' " asked the father.

"Why, the person who painted the dates may have known the time of the death of each member of each family on this street."

"Nonsense," said the mother wearily. "You're dreaming." She turned to go into the house.

"Wait," cried the boy. "You'll have to admit that the funny thing is that there were three dates on your house and that there are three members in your family. We have four in our family and there were four dates on our house. And so on all the way down the street. I checked. No house had more dates printed on its side than there were

people in the family. That's what makes me wonder if there isn't more to all this than we think. Maybe it's a warning."

"Stop, you cruel boy," said Mrs. Strassman. "How can you talk to us like this when we've been through so much? If it's a warning, or whatever it is, I can't bear to hear any more about it." The tears were streaming down her face. "The whole thing is just too awful to think about." Without another word she went into the house.

"In case you find the man who knows so much about the future, send him to me. He'd be worth knowing." Mr. Strassman said these words in sarcasm. "In the meantime beat it and beat it fast. Your trouble is, you talk too much." He followed his wife into the house.

The news about the new interpretation of the numbers spread fast. Next morning little groups of men and women, all ready to go to the funeral, stood on the sidewalks and in the yards discussing the subject in reverend and whispered tones. Some were inclined to treat it as a fairy tale and used as their argument the eccentricity of the boy who was its source. Others thought that there might be something to it, pointing out the strange coincidence of the same amount of numbers on each house as there were members in the family. No one was inclined to go up to his own house to check the number that supposedly corresponded to his place on the family roster. They just stood around and talked, and from a distance eyed the faint reminders of the mysterious numbers. In due time they drove off to the funeral.

However, they were not taking any chances. When the funeral was over and the housewives had returned home, they immediately went to work for the third time on the facade of their homes. This time they used a brush and paint.

Covering over the numbers with paint might spoil the appearances of the whole front of the house. But better that than the ghostly business of the death certificates (if they were death certificates) right before their eyes every time they opened their door.

The truth of the matter was, they did not want to know when they were going to die. They did not even want to admit that they were going to die at all. They liked to tell themselves that their leaving this world was so far off in the future that it was practically non-existent. That's the way it always is with people who are completely attached to and bound up with this world. Death has no place in it. Thus, they painted and painted until the last vestige of the figures had disappeared. In that way they destroyed death for themselves and for their families.

Then they went back to the same life they had led before. Cocktail parties, long Sunday mornings in bed, hatred or at least disgust of husband for wife and wife for husband, sedatives for their nerves and fears in psychiatry and

the restless pursuit of distraction and pleasure.

And God ceased knocking on their doors as He had ceased in Bethlehem when they told Him that there was no room in the inn. He departed from the street, from Ardmore Street, to find refuge and love amongst others on other streets who did not need mysterious numbers on their houses to tell them of the nearness of their Lord.

To this day the police and the newspapers and the Sunday supplements have not found a satisfactory explanation of the case. Only the residents on the street have an idea as to what really happened. And they will not admit the truth even to themselves. The peculiar boy who saw a similarity between the dates and death has disappeared entirely from the neighborhood. They say that he has become a lay brother in the strict religious Order of Trappists. They also say that before his mother had the chance to paint out the numbers on their house, he carefully copied them down in a book. Nobody knows what he wanted with them. Nobody cares.

Which Are You?

Four types of character:

Easy to provoke and easy to appease—his loss is cancelled by his gain;

Hard to provoke and hard to appease—his gain is cancelled by his loss;

Hard to provoke and easy to appease—he is a saintly man;

Easy to provoke and hard to appease—he is a wicked man.

—Mishna, quoted in *The Catholic*

A Loser

"There's lots of time," said Henry Flack,

(Poor Henry was a sinner)

"On all my sins to turn my back
And end the race a winner."

Of time, however, Hank forgot

No man is his own chooser,

The doctor diagnosed a clot

As Henry died, a loser.

LFH

Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

Catholic Girl's Quandary

Problem: "I am engaged to be married. My boy friend is not a Catholic, but he consented to go with me to my pastor to make arrangements for our wedding. When he found out from the priest that he would have to promise that all our children would be brought up as Catholics, he told me that he would never sincerely make such a promise. Now he wants me to marry him before a justice of the peace. I love him dearly and cannot give him up. Isn't there something I can do about this?"

Solution: What should be done to meet a situation of this kind should have been done long before the impasse arose, long before any promises of marriage were given. The very fact that you don't know what to do indicates quite clearly that you entered upon company-keeping and permitted yourself to be propelled towards marriage without any clear, Catholic sense of proportionate values. Now the fact that you are in love makes you want to find some way out of the duty you owe to God.

For either of two reasons a courageous and well-informed Catholic girl would tell the boy in your case that she could not marry him. The first reason is that he insists that she abandon a principle that must be rooted in the conscience of every Catholic girl, viz., that she must transmit her faith to her children. The second reason is that he wants her to enter what would be an invalid marriage for her. To give in to a fiancé on either of these points is fatal to the soul of a Catholic.

A truly Catholic girl has such dangers as these in mind from the outset of her friendship with any man. She does not easily enter into company-keeping with a non-Catholic because of them. If she does start going with a non-Catholic, having a good reason for so doing that is stronger than the advice of the Church, she lets him know from the outset how firm is her own faith and how impossible for her is any compromise of its principles. She tries to transmit some of her convictions, and their logical foundations, to her boy friend. If she finds him indifferent to all religion, or opposed to her religion, she becomes aware at once that marriage to him would be most unhappy.

The great tragedies of life begin with statements like yours. What you are really saying is this: "I am in love with a man. I must abandon God to possess him. Can't you suggest something that will let me have this man anyway?"

Readers Retort

In which readers are permitted to speak their minds about articles published in *The Liguorian*, and to ask questions raised by opinions and views expressed in *The Liguorian*. All letters should be signed, and full address of the writer should be given.

Baltimore, Maryland.

"Some people make me sick. In your last issue, M. A. R. aired her complaints against unions, with a very broad statement that unions are unfair and wrong. She had a complaint against a plasterer; and she sought consolation in, of all people, Pegler. That's a little like taking your spiritual problems to a gypsy fortune-teller, or your physical ailments to an African witch-doctor. Why do you print such 'tripe'? In the first place, if the plasterer didn't do his job properly, the lady needs a lawyer, not Pegler. The contractor is responsible for the work involved. If she wants to complain about the union's jurisdictional rules, she might discuss the matter with a responsible labor official. Personally, I believe the plasterer was pulling a fast one. Too bad Mrs. M. A. R. didn't ask him to show his membership book; she might have embarrassed him.

B. L. H."

We agree with this letter, as anyone knows who has been reading THE LIGUORIAN. Only one question requires an answer: "Why do you print such letters as that of M. A. R.?" We do so because people who are against unions will not be educated or converted by being ignored. Their views need to be exposed if they are to be answered.

The editors

Hamburg, New York

"My wife recently subscribed to THE LIGUORIAN, on the condition that if she did not like it, she could stop the subscription. On her behalf I wish to cancel the subscription now. We do this, despite a wish

for contact with worthwhile Catholic journalism, because we think that your magazine has nothing to offer beyond the typical magazine so deservedly criticized during the last Catholic Press week, and, for that matter, every such week. To illustrate, I enclose a clipping from your May issue regarding discrimination on the part of the American Bowling Congress. The colored boy that you mention in the piece may have 'known his place', but the local priest and the president of the Newman Club did not know theirs, nor do you seem to know what your reaction might well have been. The Catholics concerned should, quite obviously, have left the premises and stayed away till all their members were welcome. And your reaction should have been to require nothing less, as a matter of course, of any practicing Catholic. We surely need magazines to which such Christian approaches to present day problems are second nature. There are happily some, and when yours approaches their calibre, we will welcome it gratefully into our home.

R. B. F."

In the midst of the rather wild letters we often receive excoriating us for campaigning in behalf of the human and civil rights of Negroes, it is faintly amusing to receive one in which we are scored for not knowing our Christian duty toward the colored. The pointed paragraph with which issue is taken was based on a simple fact that one of our editors had observed in his travels: that a colored boy was not permitted to bowl in a Newman Club tournament under A.B.C. rules. We expressed our indignation over the rule and its application in

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no soft terms. We said nothing about how the Newman Club or the local pastor followed up the case. It is probable that what they did played its small part in removing the anti-racial rule from the A.B.C. constitution, as, we hope, our own editorials over a long period of years have helped in the same cause.

The editors

Cleveland, Ohio

"Soon I shall celebrate the 25th year of my conversion to Catholicism. Specifically, I was baptized June 19, 1925, and made my first Communion two days later. I am a Negro American. Most of my ancestors, I suspect all of them, were Protestant, but I came along and broke the tradition. My problem is this: I see no reason why individual Catholics (not the Catholic Church) should go all up in arms against the American Bowling Congress because they had the nerve to state specifically in their constitution that they accepted only white American males for membership. I have heard of only one Negro 'belonging' to the Knights of Columbus. Why? Don't they have the nerve to state specifically, without subterfuge, that Catholic Negroes are not wanted in the K. of C.? As for Catholic laymen and priests saying that it was undemocratic for the A.B.C. to have banned Negroes, what term should have been used by A.B.C. members against the K. of C. for banning Negroes from their organization? Or is the K. of C. a 'democratic organization'? Please set me straight.

G. A. D.

You may be sure of this, that the same priests and laymen who called the A.B.C. undemocratic for banning Negroes, and who crusaded against the ban until it was finally removed, would be consistent and would campaign against a ban on Negroes by the K. of C. if there were such, written or unwritten. The fact that you have known of one Negro admitted to the K. of C. would be proof that

there is no ban in principle or fact. Readers of THE LIGUORIAN probably know of many more. We do not doubt that there are K. of C. councils in various parts of the nation that have never approached a Catholic Negro as a potential member, or that have refused to consider applications from Negroes. The present Pope has himself deplored the racial discrimination still to be found among Catholics. We should like to hear from K. of C. councils that welcome Negro members, both to prove that there is no pattern of discrimination in this Catholic lay organization, and to hold up the right example to all councils. Will secretaries of such councils please write to us?

The editors

New York, New York

"I have read a number of articles appearing in *The Liguorian*. The one that interested me most was 'Non-Catholics and Confession'. I am a Catholic, but not a Roman Catholic. I was wondering if this article applied to me because we have never had such things as you mention in our church. I have been reading *The Liguorian* to get better acquainted with the Roman Catholic Church, because I am to become engaged soon to a young man who is a R. C. Neither of us has decided where we will be married and, if we have children, to what faith they will belong. I want children, but my boy friend does not want any for four years . . . Why does your church make it so difficult for Catholics (like myself) to marry Roman Catholics? Why must I sign papers to bring up my children as R. C. or promise not to use birth-control? Is it too much to ask my boy friend to love me and respect me enough to marry me in my own church? Why should this be such a sin for him as long as he wants to keep his faith and as long as the same God is marrying us? As for confession to a priest, this is something

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I cannot understand. How can a man forgive your sins? . . .

J. F."

It will require a number of issues of THE LIGUORIAN to answer all your questions, and if you continue to read it faithfully, you are pretty sure to find the answers. The one question you must put to yourself concerning all your difficulties, and for a clear answer to which you must pray daily, is this: What does God want me to do? What is His will and His command? This can be broken down into particular questions: Has God established one true religion on earth, or many? Did Christ speak about many Churches, or only one, as His? Is there evidence in the Bible that Christ made confession the only ordinary means of forgiveness of sins? If there is, would it not be true that the only Church which has confession is the true Church? If one is convinced that He possesses the one religion established by Christ, would it not be wrong for him to take part in the services of some other church? Track down the answers to these questions; it is the only way to find peace. You may be closer to the truth than your boy friend; if he does not know whether he should be married in the Catholic Church or not, or whether he should bring up his children as Catholics or not, or whether he should have any children at all, he has no real grasp of the truth and he does not know what it is to be a Roman Catholic.

The Editors

Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

"I am coming to you with a problem that is not really mine, but that of a dear friend who has appealed to me for advice. This friend is a firm member of the Catholic Church. (I am not a Catholic. I am a shut-in to whom many come for advice. I read *The Liguorian* regularly.) The

problem is this lady's son, 22 years old. He is graduating from a Catholic College, has been an ardent athlete, rather a leader among boys, and is full of youth and life, with varied talents. It has come as a shock to his family that he wants to become a Trappist monk. The priesthood would be fine. As a teacher of Catholic youth this young man would be wonderful, and his family would welcome such a vocation for him. But a Trappist! It seems to them like a denial of all God-given talents, like frustration, cowardice. The mother is going to pieces over the news. The father is completely out of sympathy. The sisters and brothers weep. I know little about the Trappists, but from what I have heard, the life and talents of the members seem so wasted. And what of the young man's family? Is their happiness of no account? . . .

C. C. P."

No one, neither the members of the family involved, nor an outside friend and advisor, can reach a right solution of this problem without understanding these things: 1) There is no higher vocation than that of the contemplative life (such as the Trappists lead) because contemplation of God and divine things is the highest and noblest activity of which man is capable. 2) The active life of teaching, preaching, leading others, etc., is fruitful only inasmuch as the grace of God vivifies it. Without that, one might as well run around in circles. It is the contemplative orders that bring the grace of God down upon the labors of those destined for the active life. 3) No one can enter or persevere in a contemplative order without proper endowments of nature, and without God's inspiration and grace. This does not mean that He chooses those who are useless for anything else for the contemplative life. For the highest of vocations He may choose those who would succeed in any kind of work. And, of course, there is a long testing period,

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at any time of which a candidate may leave or be told to leave by his superiors because it has become evident that the life is not for him. 4) Parents make a grave mistake, and do wrong, who think that they should decide the kind of vocation their children should follow. God has His own designs on every soul that He has created. When a man reaches his twenties, his parents may assist him in his task of finding out God's will for him, but they must not dictate to him, nor place their will above God's.

The Editors

Baltimore, Maryland

"I have read with great interest the article 'Mistakes Made by Mothers' in the May *Liguorian*, and could not help thinking of an experience I had many times during my childhood. As I read Example No. 8 in the article, I agreed wholeheartedly that Billie's mother should not have used the police as a threat over him. I also think that the nuns who teach in our schools should not strike our children. Aren't force and violence the means used by Communist Russia? When a man is found guilty of committing a crime in this country, he is not reprimanded by a beating. He is sentenced to jail until he is ready to take a respectable place in society. Therefore, instead of striking our

children in school when they do something wrong, why not deprive the individual of recess until he can do better? I have been struck many times by nuns in my own childhood, and I do not hesitate to say that my attitude toward nuns could have been compared to Billie's attitude toward the police, had it not been for the guidance of my parents. Don't you agree that striking a child tends to induce fear and hatred? . . .

E. J. N."

Of late years there has been so strong a reaction against the use of corporal punishment, either in the home or the school, that the danger spoken of by our correspondent is not too great. Corporal punishment can have an important part to play in the right upbringing of a child, if it is used rightly, reasonably, without anger or cruelty, and with good prospect of effective correction. It belongs, of course, primarily in the home. It is certain that frequent use of such punishment by nuns would probably turn a child against nuns for life. But many adults can testify to the fact that a mild form and reasonable application of such punishment in school days did not create any such antipathies.

The Editors

Men Are Fools

An old Quaker lady, who was very philosophical, used to say that there were three outstanding follies of which men were guilty.

The first folly was that they would go to war and kill each other, when, if they would only wait long enough, they would all die naturally.

The second was that the men would climb trees and knock down the fruit, when, if they would only wait long enough, the fruit would fall to the ground.

The third and crowning folly was that they would pursue the women, when if they would only wait long enough, the women would pursue them.

Highways of Happiness



Test of Character (86)

L. M. Merrill

On Courtesy

Courtesy is the habit of treating other human beings with deference and respect because they are the image and likeness of God. It involves many of the minor elements of the broad virtue of fraternal charity: politeness, patience, thoughtfulness, helpfulness and kindness. There are certain human relationships in which it should be especially practiced.

The young should be particularly courteous toward the old. This means that the young should show respect for the opinions of older persons, even when they have to disagree with them; should be especially forbearing with the faults and idiosyncracies of the old; should be quick to offer them helpful little services; and should address them with respect, even though close association has produced a spirit of familiarity.

Men should be especially courteous towards women. This is in recognition of the high honor God gave to a woman in making Mary His mother, and in observing the order of nature according to which man is to honor, support and protect womanhood. A courteous man tips his hat when speaking to a woman out of doors, permits a woman companion to precede him on entering or leaving rooms, and performs little services for women that sometimes are not so much a real help to them as a sign of respect. True courtesy towards, and respect for women, are even a bar to the foolish familiarities that often lead to sin.

The rich, and even the moderately well-to-do, should be especially courteous toward the poor. Christ established the basis for such courtesy by showing an extraordinary love and respect for the poor, and all true Christians have invariably done likewise. This courtesy should never degenerate into patronizing or familiarity that is tinged with ridicule.

There is a certain degree of courtesy that should be practiced even in the most familiar of human relationships: between husband and wife, brother and sister, friend and friend. When husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, begin to forget or to neglect little practices of courtesy and politeness towards each other, love usually begins to diminish. A certain amount of reverence for those we love is both a proof of true love and a preservative of love.

Just a Catholic?

Catholics sometimes pride themselves on not belonging to any Catholic organizations. They thereby pride themselves on not being very Catholic.

J. Higgins

FULL OF spice and everything nice is Lucile Hasley's book, *Reproachfully Yours*. It is a joy to have this insight into the mind and life of a convert who is witty, zealous, and intelligent, all above the average. These words of praise I give gladly and freely, because the work deserves praise. And also because I am winding up to give one portion of one essay, reproachfully, a small knock.

The essay that has fallen into my disfavor is "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush." It starts with the (by now well-known) story of the Catholic convention at the end of which the delegates were invited to announce with what special group each was associated. One after another arose and sang out proudly, "C. M. O. A.," "A. C. T. U.," "N. C. W. C.," "C. Y. O.," all through the alphabet, till finally it came the turn of one young lady who rose timidly and confessed that she shouldn't be there, at all, probably, because, you see, she was "just a Catholic."

This story delighted Mrs. Hasley. It dismays me. It delighted her because she fears that some of the Catholic Action groups have gone "too professional", by which she means, she explains, that they tend, sometimes, some of them, to imagine that only their apostolate is the approved way of restoring all things in Christ. Now, whether there is or is not any considerable misunderstanding among these groups I do not know. I have met and dealt with Catholic Interracialists,

C. Y. O. promoters, Legion of Mary groups, enthusiasts for the Catholic Rural Life program, sponsors of the Te Deum, Social Action priests. No such tendency to exalt their own apostolate and to depreciate others ever struck me as a prominent feature of their meetings. But let the case stand as the lady wills it. I still do not like that story. And I am riding out in full armor against the dragon of error that walks more boldly each time the story wins its laughs. (Armor, courtesy of Civardi, *Manual of Catholic Action*, and others.)

I do not like the story because (in less than twenty-five words) there is no such thing as being just a Catholic in contradistinction to being an apostle, in some way, to some degree. As Pope Pius XII, in his Letter to the American Church says: "The Christian, if he does honor to the name he bears, is always an apostle."

Msgr. Civardi leads off his battery of intrinsic proofs for the thesis that the laity must be apostles with this point: the apostolate is a duty of charity toward God. And this, it seems to me, is fundamental. All man's duties and rights arise from the fact that he is the creature and God the creator. These two poles or primary facts found all relationships that exist. If the right order exists the will goes out spontaneously to the full and genuine good that is God and necessarily, by the operation of its nature, the will, seeking to be one with God, loves what God loves.

Now, God wills that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of his truth. (1 Tim. 2/4) Man, therefore, if he truly loves God, loves the salvation of souls. But a love that does not move to action is no true love. Therefore, we must be apostles.

The matter can be seen with especial clearness when we come to consider those who have the true faith. For the Catholic, the duty of being an apostle is a clear duty of gratitude toward Christ, our Redeemer. Pius XI wrote thus to the Bishops of the Argentine Republic:

Besides the motive of charity, the Christian apostolate is obligatory as an act of gratitude rendered to Jesus Christ. So, when we cause others to participate in the spiritual gifts that we have received from his divine largesse, we satisfy the desires of his most loving heart, which asks but to be known and loved, as he himself said in the gospels: 'I came to send fire on the earth and what will I but that it be kindled.'

Then, too, we have an obligation to be apostles from the fact that we have a duty of charity toward our neighbor. Our people are admirably ready to part with their money, or even give their blood, on behalf of a needy neighbor. And if our country is to be spared I suppose it will be, partly, in consideration of America's unparalleled generosity. But we have a duty toward the souls and eternal welfare of our neighbor as well as toward his body and material well-being. This duty is wrapped up in the duty of loving our neighbor as we love ourselves. Certainly, no one loves himself truly who does not love above all the salvation of his soul. Likewise, no one loves his neighbor truly who is not solicitous about his neighbor's spiritual welfare. To be an apostle is to act toward our neighbor as St.

Peter commands: "Let each make part of the gift he has received to others." (1 Pet. 4/10) And as St. Peter's successor said in the letter just quoted: "He who truly loves his neighbor cannot do less than desire to work for his eternal salvation."

In fact, every time the Christian says the *Our Father* he enrolls himself as an apostle. For the *Our Father* is the "sublime formula of the Christian Apostolate." (Pius XI) When we acknowledge God as our common Father we make ourselves brother to all men. And we go on to pray not for our own needs alone, but for all men and their needs as well. What is more, every time we say "Thy will be done *on earth*" we promise to work for the extension of the Kingdom of God. In other words, to be apostles.

Moreover, the sacrament of baptism, rightly and fully considered, obliges us to be apostles. In baptism we become citizens of the society founded by the God-Man. But a true citizen takes on not only the rights of citizenship, but its obligations as well, viz., the obligation of contributing actively and intelligently to the welfare of the society. Otherwise, he is a parasite, deadwood, a tramp.

And when we look on the Church in its deeper essence, as a living body of which we are the members and Christ the head, the same truth—that all must be apostles—emerges even more clearly. As Msgr. Civardi explains the matter, in every organism there is a unity of life and action. Each member of the marvellous, complex, living mechanism of the body has some function, some contribution to make to the health and growth of the whole body. No member is purely passive or receptive. Give and take is the law here. So likewise with the Catholic. He is a member of one body of which Christ is the head.

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As such he must be a living and working member. If he is not he endangers the health and welfare of the whole.

Again, the sacrament of Confirmation makes us perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ. The effect of this sacrament, as the Council of Florence defined it, is this: "In this sacrament the Holy Spirit is given for our strengthening, as he was given to the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, so that the name of Christ might be fearlessly proclaimed." The grace of confirmation is then, the grace which transformed timid and undecided men into apostles who preached bravely the truth of Christ's divinity and resurrection. The effect it had on Peter and his companions it should have also on us—to transform us into fearless apostles.

Now, this truth—that all must be apostles—is familiar doctrine, together with the proofs offered for the thesis. Mrs. Hasley herself punches a very apostolic typewriter. My complaint is against the "just a Catholic" story, for I believe the story is calculated to weaken among our people this conviction and awareness that to be a Catholic means to be an apostle, and to be an

apostle means to unite with others to influence society and to save souls.

Indeed, it is my fear that this conviction is not securely set in the mentality of American Catholics. The Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, in its report on the Church and the Negroes in the United States, has to lament that "the major obstacle to the conversion of the American Negro is the attitude of the white Catholics themselves." The report, drawn up under the direction of Cardinal Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi who was once Apostolic Delegate here, goes on to state that more and more of the Bishops of the United States have adopted a policy of full integration, as it is termed, of the Negro into all phases of Catholic life. But "in certain localities (this policy) has great difficulty in making progress due to apathy and misconceptions on the part of many Catholics."

This apathy toward the spiritual welfare of others, and a misconception of their role in relation to non-Catholics, arises, it seems to me, largely from a failure to recognize that all must be apostles. There is no such thing as "just a Catholic."

Tomorrow

"At any time," said Stephen Crutch,
"I've strength to give up drinking,"
While every day he drank too much,
His sober moments shrinking.

He drank himself to early death
In alcoholic sorrow,
Still whisp'ring with his final breath,
"I'll give up drink—tomorrow."

L.F.H.



Three Minute Instruction

The Fast Before Communion

For the sublime privilege of receiving Holy Communion, the Church commands her children to prepare themselves not only by freedom from serious sin, but also by fasting from all food and drink from midnight before they receive. A number of practical questions are frequently asked concerning this fast, and here are some of them with the answers:

1. May one follow standard time, in fixing the hour of midnight for the beginning of the fast, in places where daylight saving time has been adopted temporarily by law? Yes. One may even follow sun time, if one has exact knowledge of when it is midnight according to the sun, and if this grants one extra time.
2. May one brush one's teeth before receiving Communion, using tooth paste and water? Yes, so long as ordinary caution is used to avoid swallowing any water.
3. May one use nose drops before Communion, with the danger that a drop or two of the fluid may reach the throat and stomach? Yes.
4. Does smoking break one's fast before Communion, or is it forbidden? No, to both questions. It is left to each person's spiritual discretion to decide whether to smoke or not before Communion.
5. If a person breaks his fast inadvertently after midnight, e.g., by taking a glass of water, or tasting food in the preparation of breakfast for someone else, can a priest give permission to that person to receive Communion anyway? No. If the fast has really been broken, one should not receive Communion on that day.

Special exemptions from the Communion fast have recently been made in behalf of the sick in hospitals and of those who work throughout the night. What these exemptions are, to whom they apply, how much fasting they demand, and how often they may be used, are matters that are under the regulation of the bishop of each diocese. Night workers and patients in hospitals should consult their pastor or chaplain concerning them. There are also exemptions in behalf of chronically sick people, that can be learned from those who take spiritual care of the sick.

Monsignore's Morning Drive

August 2nd is the feast of St. Alphonsus Liguori, after whom The Liguorian is named. Here is one of the dramatic incidents in his life, a small thing in itself, but a proof of great holiness.

J. M. Redmond

MONSIGNORE WAS taking his morning drive. The warm sunshine of early October shone down on the old gentleman as he leaned on his cane in the open carriage, alone except for his faithful Alessio high on the coachman's seat ahead.

Under the flat and rusty episcopal hat with its faded green cord, Monsignore's face was kindly still, despite his more than eighty years. The burdens and labors of the years had been able to take away the upright carriage and outward vigor of his youth but had left no scars of blankness or bitterness on his features. These still bespoke a keen mind and a resolute heart.

Alessio was proud of his old master. "Of patrician family," he would insist (even to those who knew it well), and he loved to enlarge upon the brilliant youth of Monsignore in the city beyond the mountain on the bay (even though that was long before Alessio's own time), and the exploits and accomplishments (and even miracles!) of his long life as priest, missionary, and bishop.

Alessio's very bearing on the coachman's seat revealed his pride of position. When the people saw him in his faded livery and would cry: "*Ecco, Monsignore!*" Alessio smiled complacently and with dignity. They were not talking of him, he knew. But the fact that they had come to identify his appearance on the rickety, cumbersome old coach with Monsignore bowed and half hidden on the seat behind was music to his ears.

But today Alessio's smile lacked something of its complacency. There was trouble. Monsignore had news from His Holiness the Pope before Mass that morning; and it was not good news.

He cast a glance behind him at the little old man, quietly bowed on his cane, and his honest soul filled with indignation. "The villains! Liars! Lying to the Pope about a Bishop! A Bishop and a Saint too! And after all his labors and sufferings for them! May God—!"

Alessio checked the execration on his lips with another apprehensive look behind. Monsignore, he knew, would not countenance cursing even in his own behalf. He clucked wrathfully to his two ancient steeds and yelled fiercely at a group of urchins playing in the street ahead. The carriage lurched on.

Monsignore's own thoughts, for all his quiet appearance, were black enough that sunny October day. For this was Alfonso Maria de Liguori, bishop and founder of the Redemptorists, who had just been expelled from his own congregation by a decree of the Pope.

I have brought up children and exalted them, and they have despised me!

Like a dread knell the Scripture words sounded again and again in his heart.

Five years before he had laid down the heavy charge of his diocese and come home to die. Home! How sweet it had seemed that day he climbed the staircase at St. Michael's, to be amongst his own once more! The men he had

gathered about him in his little "Congregation": don Andrea Villani, gaunt and stern, but ever dependable and understanding counsellor; don Giovanni Mazzini, quiet, faithful friend for more than fifty years; don Angelo Majone, cold and reserved but capable man of affairs; even little don Antonio Tannoia, brisk and bright-eyed, bustling and busy about many things; they and many more had been there full of joy to bid him welcome home.

And the peace, as the days went on, to see how the work of his "Congregation" was succeeding! In the past it had often seemed that it could not possibly succeed. He had founded it and set it on its way despite the hostility of a regal dictatorship. In the very face of a regime that embodied all the worst features of an extreme "union of Church and State" features which had been condemned again and again by the Popes, he had succeeded in establishing a religious order.

Monsignore had seen with his own eyes poor peasants in the hills, nominally Catholics, who hardly knew how to make the sign of the cross. Their souls were perishing for lack of priests to instruct them in the truths of eternal life; there was almost a complete lack of organized effort to work for their salvation. What was needed, Monsignore had recognized, was some kind of new religious order to dedicate itself precisely to these abandoned souls.

The King and the politicians would be certain, he had known, to forbid the establishment of a new religious order. Even if he was able to secure the approval of the Pope in Rome for such a project, they would still oppose it. To approve religious orders was His Majesty the King's prerogative, not the Pope's. Such was the "union of Church and State" in Monsignore's world.

Monsignore had been undaunted by

the difficulties. Under the very noses of the King and bureaucrats he had actually succeeded in founding His "Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer". His Holiness, the Pope in Rome, had given it official standing in the Church by a special decree of approval. And the Congregation had gone on spreading and working for the salvation of souls despite the King and the politicians and their false, suffocating idea of "union of Church and State".

Monsignore had been able to see the good results in abundance during those last five years. Good results in such abundance, indeed, that at last, just a year ago, he had conceived one final, daring plan. He would have the King himself approve the Congregation that had received the sanction of Rome, in order that his missionaries might have greater freedom of action in the King's domain.

It was a daring project beyond a doubt. The King must not know that he was playing a secondary part to the head of the Church, the Pope of Rome, even in so spiritual a matter as the approval of a religious order. If he did suspect it, he might retaliate by absolutely forbidding the Congregation to work or exist in his regal domain.

Monsignore had weighed the chances, and decided to take the risk.

He had taken the risk, and now he had failed.

How well he remembered that bitter day some months before when the decree of the King was received at St. Michael's. His Majesty had not dissolved the Congregation, no; he had taken it to his royal bosom and transformed it completely into a creature of his own. Gone were the ties with Rome. The opening words of the royal decree took care of that: "this association of priests owes its existence and official standing to His Majesty's royal de-

crees." Gone were the vows; there was to be nothing so suggestive of a religious order as vows of poverty, chastity and obedience in this "association of priests" taken over by the King. Instead of a religious order in the Church it had been reworked into a kind of secular corporation under the King. "*Non si puo, non si puo*," Monsignore had repeated over and over again as he read the fatal royal decree. "It cannot be, it cannot be!" But, said His Majesty, it must be! Either you accept this decree, or you cease to exist as an organized group!

So that was why Monsignore's thoughts were black enough as he sat in his carriage leaning on his cane under the sunshine of that bright October day.

Worst of all, some of his own sons in the Congregation had played a part in the ruin of the Congregation. Don Angelo Majone, commissioned to secure the King's acceptance of the Congregation, as approved by the Pope, had instead betrayed Monsignore. He had cooperated with the King's henchmen and tried to force Monsignore to accept another Congregation completely different from the one approved by the Pope. Don Andrea Villani, true counsellor ever before, had connived at this betrayal. He had assured Monsignore that no change whatsoever was being contemplated, at the very time when it was almost an accomplished fact.

And when the blow had fallen he had to bear the brunt of the blame. "You founded the Congregation," several of his sons told him to his face, "now you have destroyed it." Others, more kindly minded, had expressed pity for him as incompetent. Even little don Antonio Tannoia, otherwise so devoted and obsequious, with his busy project of writing Monsignore's life, had said (Monsignore had overheard it him-

self): "*Non e piu uomo!*" "He is no longer a man!"

Then they had gone to work on the ruins: some trying to salvage what could be saved, some moving out of the King's domain entirely to houses of the Congregation in the Pope's temporal states, others writing to the Pope or even going to Rome to accuse Monsignore to the Holy See of handing over the Congregation which the Pope had approved to the secular power of the king.

"I have brought up children and exalted them, and they have despised me!"

The Pope had conducted investigations, and the answers he received, some misleading, some bungling, all disastrous for the Congregation, had only served to make His Holiness indignant with the King and Monsignore for what seemed to be a particularly odious instance of secular interference in the spiritual affairs of the Church under the guise of "union of Church and State."

And now had come the final fatal blow. This very morning Monsignore had received word from Rome that His Holiness had withdrawn the Church's approval of the Congregation, so hard won many years ago. The houses of the Congregation existing in the King's domains were no longer considered as belonging to the Order approved by the Church. In effect, Monsignore was excluded from membership in the Congregation which he had founded.

Final and fatal the Pope's decree seemed indeed. Even Monsignore's dauntless old heart that had braved the way over many a fatal danger before, might have quailed before it. But Monsignore's hand tightened on something it was clutching tightly, and even out of the blackness of his thoughts a little smile played on his lips. "I am not alone," he whispered at the familiar touch of his rosary. "Even though my

own sons turn upon me; even though His Holiness himself punish me, I still have you, Madonna mia!"

He roused himself with a start. Alessio was speaking. "Monsignore, look! Magnificent, see?" The carriage had come out into an open place and before them arose a truly magnificent scene.

Out of the level plain, Mount Vesuvius soared to the sky. This was no novel sight, to be sure. Less than fifteen miles away, its smouldering top could be seen any day—and often as a pillar of fire by night—from the windows of the community room on the upper floor at St. Michael's. But the plume of smoke that rested unfailingly upon its heights was more than a plume today. Instead, there was a rich full column of golden cloud that rose majestically and steadily to an immeasurable height in the bright October sky, there to drift and spread a lofty filmy ceiling over the great city beyond.

"Sì, Alessio, magnifico!"

The smile he gave Alessio was warm and grateful. Dear faithful Alessio, (thought Monsignore); he is only half my age, but he treats me as if it were the other way around! God bless his devoted heart!

The blackness had lifted for a moment; but as he bowed over his cane and his rosary, it seemed to clap upon him again with the force of a blow. And there was something else now too; something sinister, unspeakably evil and hostile and gloating, as from an actual presence face to face with him in the open carriage.

"Give up, give up! There is no hope, there is no hope in heaven or on earth for you!"

Did he actually hear the words? Was it his own voice or another's? It could not be his own; he was not hopeless; he would not give up his hold on his

rosary, nor his confidence in the One for whom he clasped it.

But still the blackness flooded his soul as though poured in from the same malignant source.

"Your brethren are right! What have you done to inspire them with admiration? Old, feeble, doddering, wavering, bungling—"

Yes, thought Monsignore, when a man is past eighty and his world is crashing about him; when any choice he makes will be fatal; when all his friends are giving him contradictory advice, and blaming him for whatever advice he takes, then his best friends may think he is nothing but a bungling poor old man. But his old jaw squared and his hand tightened again on his beads. I am still not alone!

"Alone! Of course you are alone! Alone to blame for the destruction of the Congregation! Your brethren are right: you founded it, and you have destroyed it!"

I still have Christ and the Madonna, doggedly muttered the old man.

"Your Christ and Madonna have abandoned you! Your Congregation was destroyed because they abandoned it; and they have abandoned you!"

Monsignore's soul was black as night, but he would not yield to the blackness. His fighting heart battled on. "Yea, though He slay me, still will I trust in Him." The words of Job formed on his lips; his hands on the beads were trembling, but the beads were almost embedded in the fingers that held them so tightly. He found himself saying through clenched jaws, as if to reply to an invisible antagonist:

"The Congregation will live on! Not through me but through the power of my Immaculate Queen! It will rise again and go on to the end of the world! This check, this disaster is only my punishment for my sins—!"

And then came the most terrible onslaught of all.

"Your sins! Listen to the Christian humility! All sham, show, hypocrisy! Your whole life is a lie! A pretense of sanctity! And you are damned, damned beyond redemption! Your God has abandoned you, and you are damned!"

Alessio on the coachman's seat was shocked and frightened by the choking sound of his master's voice.

"Alessio! Alessio! Turn around! Turn around! Take me home!"

"Monsignore! Are you ill?"

"No, no! Take me home!"

If he is not ill, thought Alessio as he saw the drawn and suffering features of Monsignore, it is a trouble worse than illness. And he hauled on the reins and yelled at the horses and the passersby as the unwieldy old coach swung around in the roadway. He knew that he never could hope for speed from the jaded animals he was driving, but that did not keep him from heaping them with reproaches nevertheless—as sluggards, imbeciles, poltroons, criminals—all the way home.

Back inside the doorway at St. Michael's, Monsignore thanked Alessio on whose strong arms he had made his way gaspingly from carriage to house. Then to his faithful servant's distress he broke into a pitiful call for assistance:

"My brethren, help! Help me!"

Old don Andrea Villani and still older don Giovanni Mazzini, aroused by the strange disturbance of the monastery silence, came hurrying as fast as their feeble legs would carry them.

"Help me, my brethren! The devil wants me to despair! But I will not fail against God!"

The two old friends, sick at heart themselves, raised him with many a comforting word from the chair where he had collapsed and between them

supported him up the staircase to his room.

"It is my sins; yes, my sins have led God to chastise the Congregation. But I will not give up my hope in God! Help me! The devil wants to make me despair!"

The pitiful cries continued until they had him safe in the big armchair in his room. There the battle went on anew; but in the end, Monsignore's rugged faith was victorious. He sank back in the chair and a look of peace came over his worn features.

"Madonna mia!" he sighed. "I thank you; you did help me! Help me still; let me not ever despair!"

Later the old friends were speaking to His Excellency, the Bishop of Gaeta, in the special reception room for prelates.

"It was terrible! Terrible!" said don Antonio Tannoia. "The devil must have appeared to him in person! What a struggle! Poor old man! Poor old man!"

Monsignore Carlo Bergamo, Bishop of Gaeta, was to outward appearances a far different prelate from their own Monsignore, helpless in his big armchair upstairs. He of Gaeta was tall and robust, florid of face and loud of voice, and his grand episcopal equipage outside, in which he had come all the way from Gaeta to visit his fellow Bishop and old friend, was enough to put to shame Alessio's creaking carriage and worn out horses. But he was a true friend of the Monsignore nevertheless and had a great admiration for him in his heart.

He looked now quizzically at little don Antonio.

"Poor old man, eh?" he said, with a generous pinch of snuff poised in his fingers.

"Terrible! *Non e piu uomo!*" repeated don Antonio.

"No longer a man, eh?" boomed

the Bishop, and took the snuff with a violent gesture. "Permit me to say, my dear don Antonio, permit me to say that in my humble opinion he is more of a man than yourself! This struggle, as you describe it, was a battle of the giants. And who, I allow myself to ask, was victorious in this struggle? He whom you call with an incredible obtuseness, 'poor old man!' Poor old man? No! Wonderful old man! Hero! Saint! Giant!"

The Bishop of Gaeta brushed the flecks of snuff from his episcopal bosom.

"And now I am prepared to salute Monsignore himself. Have the kindness to lead me to his apartment!"

Monsignore's "apartment" was neither gigantic nor heroic, thought the Bishop as he crossed the threshold of the bare little room; but the apartment of a saint—that, yes!

"Monsignore!" he cried, his arms outflung, "my most distinguished homages!"

The cramped position of Monsignore in his armchair rendered the execution of a fraternal embrace rather awkward, but the Bishop insisted, and Monsignore laughingly received his "salute", though at the same time he was surprised to find tears in his own eyes, and a bit of a catch in his voice as he in turn saluted his friend:

"Welcome, Monsignore and dear friend!"

The Bishop took the chair Monsignore pointed out—the only chair in the room at all episcopal, and it had been brought in especially for the occasion—and for a time sat looking fondly at the old man, his great head nodding with understanding.

"Valliant warrior of the Lord," he murmured, and there was admiration in his look and voice, "still not too old for the fray!"

Monsignore disliked heroics almost

as much as he disliked flattery, but he could not reprove the sincerity in his friend's eyes. He could only slowly shake his head.

"And they call you 'poor old man!' The most brilliant mind in Europe, and 'poor old man!' Dio mio, what blindness! What stupidity!"

Monsignore was surprised again at the weakness of finding tears in his eyes. To see himself the object of admiration in the midst of humiliation and sorrow was a strange new experience for him. His brethren loved him, yes (his loyal heart would never allow him to deny it), but of admiration—well, after all, why should they have much of admiration for a poor old man? "*Non fanno conto di me*"—"they don't pay much heed to me"—the idea came unbidden to his mind, but he would not admit it, and shook his head a little more determinedly than before.

But his friend was reading his thoughts.

"It is true," he said, placing his hand on Monsignore's arm, "they think that you are a saint, yes; but a saint is effigy. As a man—well, they do not appreciate you; that's all. Indeed, they do not even know the kind of saint you are!"

Monsignore laughed aloud. Even his friend's earnestness could not prevent him from finding something ludicrous in this extravagant praise. And it was a relief to laugh and turn the subject.

"Dio mio, my friend," he asked, "when shall we have the canonization?"

"Sooner than you think, Monsignore," said the Bishop, "sooner than you think!"

A look of distress crossed Monsignore's face; the subject was not going to be turned after all. In fact it was getting worse all the time.

But the Bishop had seen his old friend's distress and was moved by it

at once. With a sweeping gesture he brought out his golden snuff-box, tapped it ceremoniously, opened it and proffered it to Monsignore. Monsignore himself of course at once reached for his own poor wooden snuff-box, to do the honors as host, but the Bishop grandly waved it aside.

"Allow me, Monsignore," he said in the most elegant and disarming manner.

Monsignore understood well the tact and considerateness that prompted and underlay all this play of ceremony, and smiled gratefully as he sampled the Bishop's snuff.

"Ah! Excellent," he said appreciatively.

"You like it?"

"It is marvelous!"

"It is not bad. Something a friend sent me from Rome. Here!" Again with a sweeping gesture the Bishop seized Monsignore's battered box and raised it to his nose.

"Dio mio!" he exclaimed, "this rubbish is not for you!" He rose and looked around, strode across the room and emptied the box out of the window. Returning slowly, he transferred the contents of his own golden case into Monsignore's wooden one.

"It is nothing! It is nothing!" he declared imperiously, silencing the feeble protests from the armchair. "I have much more. And I would give you the case itself," he added, clapping the wooden box down on the table, "if I did not know that you would hand it over to the brother for the next beggar that comes along!"

"But tell me," he was seated once more, "what is all this about yourself and the devil?"

Monsignore was serious.

"Truly, it was terrible," he said. "The sight of the Congregation in ruins, my life a failure and a lie, no hope, no rest, no appeal on earth or in heaven." The old man trembled at the memory.

"You actually saw—?"

"I saw nothing! That was what was terrible! Nothing! Blackness, helplessness, torture came down on me like the night!"

"But you did not accept the night?"

Monsignore straightened in his chair. It seemed to the Bishop that a light, mysterious and radiant, suffused his old countenance with triumph and joy.

"That I did not!" he cried. "It was the demon and he tried to make me despair. But my Madonna stood by me, and I did not make one single act of distrust; *not one!* God bless my Madonna!"

The Bishop of Gaeta was silent. He could not speak; his heart was full, and his own eyes were wet with tears. He sat again fondly gazing at his friend, who seemed to have become oblivious of his presence. At length the Bishop of Gaeta very gently raised his great bulk from the chair and quietly went to the door. There he turned and murmured:

"Galliant warrior of the Lord and His Lady fair, warrior with the heart of a child! May God bless you, and give to your faith and devotion the light and glory they deserve—Monsignore Alfonso Maria de Liguori!"

DRIVE SAFELY
WE CAN WAIT

—Lakeside Cemetery, Erie, Pa.

EAT HERE IF IT KILLS YOU
(WE NEED THE MONEY)

—A drive-in restaurant, Lemay, Mo.

For Non-Catholics Only

F. M. Louis

Catholics' Loss of Freedom

Question: "The one thing that turns me most against the Catholic Church is the fact that Catholics have to give up so much of their freedom. Their Church tells them what they have to believe; it makes them go to church on Sunday under threats of hell fire; it won't permit them even to discuss problems like that of birth-control, because they have to be blindly obedient to the hierarchy. God made us free, and He wants us to use our freedom. That is why I belong to a Protestant Church, where my freedom is respected."

Solution: It is true that God gave freedom of will to human beings, but you are forgetting that the same God, as Creator, has a right to limit that freedom by making laws. In choosing to be a Protestant Christian, you are limiting your own freedom at least in some degree, because you believe that Christ is God and has a right to ask for your service, to demand something of you, in a word, to limit your freedom. If, as a Protestant, you feel that you don't have to give any obedience or mental allegiance to Christ, you make religion meaningless.

Catholics believe that God made laws to govern human behaviour, and that He made man's peace on earth and happiness in heaven dependent on obedience to those laws. Some laws He enshrined in man's very nature and made quite clear to his reason. Other laws He made known through His Son, Jesus Christ, who came into the world to teach as well as to redeem. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, gave His Church the power—a limited power—to make laws. Catholics do not feel any collapse of their freedom resulting from the obligation of any law that comes in any way from God, whether it be "Thou shalt not steal" from the ten commandments, or "Love your enemies" from the commands of Christ, or "Hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays" from their Church. The real source of all these laws is God. More than that, Catholics recognize the reasonableness of every law that restricts their liberty, so that when they obey, they are not giving a blind service, but, in the phrase of St. Paul, "a reasonable service." This holds even in regard to difficult matters like that of birth-control, which you mention. Any Catholic or non-Catholic who seeks it can find a full and satisfactory explanation of why contraception is forbidden by the natural law of God and why the Church keeps that law before the minds of its members.

Every Catholic knows that he is free to break the laws God has imposed on him. Many Catholics do break them. But they do not feel resentful over the fact that the God Who made them, also made laws for them to obey.

A Thousand Years of Love

Tens of thousands of Johns and Marys have taken part in dialogues like the following. Each new similar couple seems to think that the words had never been spoken before.

L. F. Hyland

I love you, Mary.

I love you too, John.

I love you more than anything in the world, Mary.

I love you more than the whole world together, John.

I will love you for a thousand years, Mary.

I will love you for a million years, John.

Love is surely wonderful, Mary.

Love is everything, John.

Nothing else matters, Mary.

Nothing, John, . . .

People who don't know anything about love say such foolish things.

You mean people who have never been in love?

Yes. They say that love alone is not enough for a happy marriage.

They don't know how much we love each other, do they, John?

They certainly don't. They say you have to be of the same religion to be happy in marriage, no matter how much you're in love.

As if the fact that you're a Baptist and I'm a Catholic could make any difference to our love.

It wouldn't make any difference to me if you were a Hottentot, I love you so much, Mary.

It wouldn't make any difference to me if you were a Mohammedan, I love you so much, John.

I love you too much ever to quarrel with you about religion, Mary.

I love you so much that I can't even dream of our ever getting into an

argument about religion, John.

You can go to your church, and I'll go to mine, that's all there is to it.

And we just won't let the subject of religion come between us, John.

Our love will take care of that, Mary. I love you. Did I hear you say that you loved me?

I love you, John, I'd like to say it a thousand times.

How happy we'll be when we are married, Mary.

It will be like Paradise.

I love you, Mary.

I love you, John.

2.

Now that the date is settled for our wedding, let's go and see the priest, John.

The priest? Why the priest?

Because that's the way I have to get married as a Catholic—by a priest.

But why not go and see my minister, or any old judge, for that matter?

I'm not allowed to do that, my sweet.

But, darling, isn't that being unfair? I don't happen to like priests.

But you said you loved me, didn't you?

Yes, I do, more than anything in the world.

And you said you wouldn't interfere with my religion, didn't you?

Yes, but you weren't going to interfere with mine, either.

O dear, I guess you don't love me after all.

I do, sweetheart, and I'll do anything

you say. When can we see this priest of yours?

Tonight, darling.

I'll pick you up, precious. What time? About 7:30.

I'll be there.

3.

That guy had a lot of nerve.

Oh, darling, what's wrong now?

Didn't you hear what he said? He told me I'd have to sign a promise that all our children would be brought up as Catholics.

But that's what everybody has to promise when they marry a Catholic, dearest.

I don't like it.

Then you don't love me.

I do love you, and I want you more than anything in the world. But if I am ever going to be a father, I think I should have some rights over my children.

But if you love me and I'm a Catholic, why can't you love your children if they are Catholic too?

That's different.

Maybe you'll understand better after you have had those instructions the priest said he has to give you.

That's another thing. He thinks that maybe he can drag me into your Church. I don't want any of his instructions.

Then I guess it's true that you don't love me.

Don't say that, my pet. I love you so much it hurts.

That's how I love you, dearest. And if we love each other, it won't hurt you to take a few instructions from the priest.

I don't like it. But I'll do it for you.

Oh, John, you're wonderful.

But when it comes to signing those promises, I don't know whether I'll mean them.

Our love will take care of that, won't

it, darling? Let's not quarrel or argue. It makes me so sad.

You're too beautiful to be sad, sweetheart. I guess we won't worry about the future. I love you.

You're wonderful, John.

You said that before, but I like it.

I'll say it again, a thousand times.

Oh, dearest.

Oh, sweetest.

4.

Now that we have our baby, Mary, we are not going to have any more children for at least three years. I brought home some thingamagigs that will take care of that for us.

But, John, dear, I can't use them.

And why not?

It's wrong.

Wrong, my eye. Everybody uses them.

I don't care. You promised that you would respect my conscience about what is right and wrong in marriage.

Oh, those promises. I told you I didn't know whether I would keep them or not. And this one I won't keep. You can paste that in your bonnet and keep it there.

Boo-hoo.

Go on and cry and see what that gets you. I'm the head of this house. I'm the boss of this family. I've had enough of your running to church and going to confession and listening to everything the priest tells you. From now on, what I say goes.

But you said you loved me.

I guess I did, when I was young and foolish. I don't know now whether I do love you.

You said you'd love me for a thousand years.

Oh, shut up. And if you think there's any chance of my letting you take our child to your church, you've got another big guess coming. He's going to believe what I believe, see? He's not

The Liguorian

going to be raised on that buncombe that you've been trying to put over on me.

Then you're going to take my religion away from me! Oh, why did I ever marry you!

That's just what I've been asking myself. Why did I ever marry you?

It's a good thing for me there is such a thing as divorce.

Oh, John, you wouldn't.

Wouldn't I? You just keep trying to force your Catholic ideas on me and I'll show you. So you might just as well make up your mind what you want to do.

Return to Uniform

The Chicago Archdiocesan *New World* tells the story of a visit paid not long ago to Archbishop Josef Beran by the Czechoslovak minister of justice, Alexei Cepicka. After urging him for some time to support the communist ideology, and getting nowhere, the official became somewhat nettled, and cried out:

"You'd better support us, or else . . ."

The Archbishop smiled, walked over to a closet and opened the door. In a moment he came back to his visitor holding some rags in his hands.

"Here is my uniform from Dachau," he said. "Let's go."

The chagrined minister walked out of the Archbishop's house abruptly.

A Ride on the Merry-Go-Round or Truth Is Not Always What It Seems

We'd like to have faith in
The people who say
They've never been Commies
And aren't today.

But if they *are* Commies
It's surely absurd
To think we can ever
Depend on their word.

For Commies contend that
There's nothing that's true
Except what advances
The Communist view.

It should then occasion
Not too great surprise
If some of what's sworn to
Turns out to be lies.

LGM

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (35)

E. A. Mangan

Creation out of Nothing

Problem: I have always thought that the first verse of the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" proved beyond any doubt the doctrine we designate as *creation out of nothing*. Just recently a friend of mine, a Catholic, denied this. What is the answer?

1. It really isn't clear just what your friend denied. If he meant that the argument based on the mere word "create" was not an iron-clad argument I would say he was correct.

2. The mere word "create", a translation of the Hebrew *bara* would not necessarily prove anything. However it is remarkable that when this Hebrew word is used throughout the Bible, it describes divine activity exclusively, a divine activity that produces something new or startling and without effort.

3. The meaning, "to create out of nothing", fits very well into the context of the first chapter of the book of Genesis.

a. God's activity makes the universe (the heavens and the earth) "in the beginning". In other words the universe had a beginning through the action of God, and there is no mention of the use of any matter by God to produce the result of the action expressed by the word *bara* or "create". Hence "create" is a much more suitable translation than "make" or "fashion" or "shape".

b. As a matter of fact, the whole of chapter one of the book of Genesis is permeated with the idea of the absolute transcendence of God and of the utter and absolute dependence of all other beings on God for existence. God is absolute, all else is dependent on Him.

c. The idea of a "creation from nothing" is so logically bound up with the author's view of God that one can hardly refuse to see this doctrine in the opening statement of the chapter, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

4. My answer to your problem therefore is this: The creation of the world out of nothing is a dogma of faith. It is revealed to us by the living and teaching church which, according to St. Paul, is the "pillar and the ground of truth." Whether the first chapter of Genesis would prove the doctrine without a glance at the teaching of the Church, which is so clear in the constant tradition of Christianity from the very beginning, may be a disputed point. This much is certain. The first chapter of Genesis, not the word "create", but the first chapter considered as a whole, furnishes as complete an argument for creation from nothing as any argument in any science furnishes for any truth in that given science. This is a perfect example of what we mean when we speak of the argument from context.

Having a Wonderful Time

Anticipations are wonderful. Memories are glorious. The reality?
Often that's something else again.

L. G. Miller

ALONG ABOUT this time of the year the average citizen can be described as passing through one of three phases. Either he has just returned from his vacation, is in the midst of his vacation, or is about to leave on his vacation. Each of these phases has its own peculiar reactions on the human organism. Herewith we present what may be a more or less typical series of such reactions as exemplified in the conduct of Mr. George Smallbass.

We first discover Mr. Smallbass seated on the back steps of his modest suburban home. Around him on the porch are numerous small tools, bits of wire, spools of thread of various colors, and a collection of feathers from the heads and tails of a flock of chickens. Mr. Smallbass is very intent upon his work of tying trout-lures. It is a warm evening in mid-summer, and in a few days he and his family, consisting of himself, his wife, and three small Smallbasses, will be off on their annual vacation.

Strolling across the yard from his home next door comes Mr. Bill Aspensdoulos. The following conversation ensues.

Evening, George.

Hi ya, Bill.

Looks like you're getting ready for some fishing.

Sure am. I'm getting my vacation next week, and boy, I'm heading for those north woods like a man shot out of a cannon.

Lucky dog! I already had my vacation. What part of the north woods you

going to?

Up to a spot a fellow at the office put me wise to. Lake Kabonadowonga, it's called.

H'm. Never heard of it.

Neither did I, before this fellow told me about it. He was there last year, and he raves about it. Says the fishing is out of this world.

You don't say.

Yup. Pike and muskies so big, he tells me, you need two men to haul them into the boat. And trout streams nearby where the fish practically jump right into your creel. That's why I'm working overtime on these flies; I want to have plenty on hand.

They ain't bad. I got a cousin who makes lures for Sears Roebuck, and your flies are almost as good as his.

M'm.

How about living conditions up where you're going?

Well, this fellow at the office spoke highly of those too. Seems there's a lodge up there, and some cabins where a person can rough it and yet be fairly comfortable.

Missus and the kids going along?

Oh, sure. They're looking forward to it as much as I am. Ought to be a great vacation for them, too.

Well, have a good time, you lucky stiff. Catch a few for me.

Sure will, Bill.

Part two of our little conversational piece is laid in a small cabin among the pine trees on the shore of beautiful, idyllic Lake Kabonadowonga (see ad-

The Liguorian

vertising folder). About ten days have elapsed out of Mr. Smallbass's two-week vacation. The time is late evening, and Mr. Smallbass and spouse are seated in chairs on the small, screened-in porch of their cabin. There are several holes in the screen, and the air is filled with the delicate orchestration of hungry mosquitoes. Mr. Smallbass has pulled his chair close to the flickering light of a kerosene lamp, and, as he battles the mosquitoes, he is trying to read a copy of *Outdoor Life*.

"What in the devil is wrong with this confounded lamp!" bursts out the harried head of the family.

"Now, George, you don't have to swear," says his wife. "Think of the children."

"Who's swearing?" retorts Mr. Smallbass.

"You are. Besides, there's nothing wrong with the lamp."

"There isn't, eh. Well, why doesn't it throw off some light?"

"This kind of lamp isn't meant to throw off any light. It's meant to make things cozy and comfortable, that's all."

Mr. Smallbass growls to himself and hitches his chair a few inches closer to the lantern.

"You're just peeved because you haven't caught any fish," says Mrs. Smallbass, placidly.

"Who hasn't caught any fish? How about yesterday? Didn't I bring home some nice panfish for you?"

"Those little things? Why, I'm almost afraid to cut off their heads and tails for fear there won't be anything left."

How can wives be so oblivious as to what is likely to sear and burn the masculine heart?

Mr. Smallbass snorts. He casts about for something mean to say in reply. He shouldn't do it, but he is only human.

"Did you say something about cooking, dear?" he asks sweetly. "Seems to me about the only cooking you've done since we've been here is to cook water. The canning industry ought to give you a bonus after these two weeks."

It is a very ungallant thing to say, and the little woman resents it very much. Just as she is ready to dissolve into tears, a wail issues from inside the cabin, where the three small Smallbasses have already been tucked away for the night.

"Ma! My sunburn hurts!"

"Ma! So does mine!"

"Oh, no!" groans Mr. Smallbass. "Do we have to go through that again tonight?"

Let us at this point draw a curtain over this little picture of happy family life.

•

The third act in our little drama takes place the day after Mr. Smallbass and family have returned from their idyllic vacation in the north woods. It is evening, and our hero is once more sitting on the back porch of his home. There are no trout lures in evidence tonight; Mr. Smallbass merely sits on the steps and calmly smokes his pipe.

Across the yard saunters Mr. Bill Aspendoupolos.

Evening, George.

Hi ya, Bill.

How was the vacation?

Not bad, not bad. We really got rested up.

How was the fishing?

Boy, you never saw anything like it. There are muskies in that lake up to a hundred pounds.

Wow! Did you catch any of those big fellows?

Well, to tell the truth, no, I didn't. I had a run of tough luck. Fellow who lives up there all year round told me we've had too much rain, and the big

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ones just aren't biting.

How about pike?

I had good luck with pike. Didn't have a chance to weigh the ones I caught, but several of them must have run in the neighborhood of seven or eight pounds.

Did you do any trout fishing?

Sure did. Those streams around there are really sporty. I had one big fellow on the line—I bet he weighed five pounds—but just as I was about to net him, he busted my line and swam off with my leader and prize fly.

He must have been a son of a gun, all right. How were living conditions up there?

We had it very nice. A little cabin to ourselves right on the shore of the lake,

with those big pine trees all around us. The kids went swimming every day and put on a nice tan, and the missus says she feels one hundred percent rested and relaxed.

Sure sounds like a good place to go on vacation. You going back there next year?

I don't know. Fellow I met at the lodge up at this lake was telling me about a lake even further north where the fishing is simply out of this world. I think I'll look into that.

And now, if there is any moral to be drawn from our little fable, it is this. Life is not always what it seems; nevertheless, hope springs eternal in the human breast.

Not Much News

Perhaps a great many of our daily newspapers could profitably follow the lead suggested in the following editorial, which appeared in the first issue of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* in the year 1729:

"We have little News of Consequence at present, the English Prints being generally stuffed with Robberies, Cheats, Fires, Murders, Bankruptcies, Promotion of Some and Hanging of Others; nor can we expect much better till Vessels arrive in the Spring, when we hope to inform our Readers what has been doing in the Court and Cabinet, in the Parliament House as well as the Sessions-House, so that we wish, in our American world, it may be said, as Dr. Wild recently expressed it of the European: 'We are all seiz'd with the Athenian itch, News and New Things do the Whole World bewitch.'

In the meantime we hope our Readers will be content for the present with what we can give 'em, which if it does 'em no good, shall do 'em no hurt. 'Tis the best we have, so take it."

Howlers

The *Josephinum Weekly*, quoting the *London Daily Mail*, offers some late arrivals for inclusion in the ever-growing list of schoolboy boners. These are taken from actual school examination papers:

The first book of the bible—Guinnesses.

The chief end of man is the end with the head on.

Liberty of conscience means being able to do wrong without bothering about it afterwards.

Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah.

Milton wrote blank verse because he was blind.



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

The Mystery of Illness

There is an element of deep mystery about sickness in any form. We have the revealed knowledge that all pain partakes of the nature of penalty, either a penalty for personal sin, or a share in the penalties owed by the whole human family for its rebellion against God. We also have the knowledge that pain is fruitful: like Christ's suffering on the cross, the pain of any member of His Mystical Body, accepted with resignation and offered freely to God, wins grace and favor both for the one who suffers and for other human beings.

Yet the element of mystery remains. Why does God decree a particular form of suffering for one and not for others? Why does He sometimes afflict the young and innocent, and spare the hardened in sin? Why does He prevent some people from fulfilling the obligations of their state in life by rendering them helpless? Why did He create so strong a desire for health and well-being in the human heart, and then permit it to be frustrated by such things as cancer, tuberculosis, heart ailments, etc.?

The fullest awareness of spiritual realities and values cannot prevent the mind of the shut-in from raising such questions. And when all the best answers have been given, the element of mystery remains.

But it is exactly that element of mystery that produces the greatest merit and reward of illness. In dealing with all His human creatures, God has used mysteries to draw forth their most perfect submission to Him. A mystery is merely a truth that only God can comprehend, and that human beings are asked to assent to, not because they comprehend it, (which they cannot), but because God has announced it to them. In being asked by God to assent to mysteries, man is asked to recognize the infinity of God's knowledge and the finiteness of his own.

A sick person should therefore be drawn to God by the very mysteries that surround his illness. Just as the ordinary Christian must believe in the Incarnation, the Trinity, and the Blessed Sacrament, because God has revealed them without explaining them, so the sick person must believe in the glorious purposes of his illness because God has decreed it without explaining it. In accepting the mysteries of revelation or fact, man gives the most perfect homage to God.

Man of Distinction

The real men of distinction are not found in advertisements. They are found, whether in high places or in low, serving God and their people, as exemplified by this great modern leader.

C. D. McEnniry

NOT LONG AGO, Alcide de Gasperi, present head of the Italian government, paid a visit to the Propaganda College in Rome. This college is conducted by the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, one of the many Congregations in Rome, staffed by Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, Monsignori, priests and lay specialists, to help the Pope in the administration of the Catholic Church. Its work is to direct the missions and missionaries in lands where the Catholic population is sparse, and where regular dioceses and parishes have not yet been established.

Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, who will be remembered by Americans as a former apostolic delegate in Washington, is the present head of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith in Rome. It was at his invitation that Alcide de Gasperi visited the Propaganda College. On this visit, when asked to say a few words to the seminarians there, de Gasperi spoke as follows:

"I feel profoundly unworthy of the praise bestowed on me by His Eminence, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, and still more unworthy to address you seminarians who represent the spirit of the Church. For, compared with you, I am nothing but a poor catechumen struggling with the first lessons of the faith. Every one of you that has received even the minor order of *ostiarus* (door-keeper) has authority to put me out of the church.

"You have the great privilege of being

able to enter directly into the apostolate, while we government officials can do so only indirectly. It is our duty, first of all, to give the example of a staunch religious life and thus exercise a good influence on the people. I hope to give such an example.

"Unfortunately the position of a government official today is no longer what it was in other days, when he legislated for a people sharing with him the same convictions and the same faith. Today faith has grown weak indeed, and so the Catholic in public office meets with obstacles which sometimes make it impossible for him to enforce Christian principles. He needs great patience.

"The Church herself shows such patience. She respects the liberty of the human person. She does not try to drive the truth into his head with a sledge hammer, but patiently and perseveringly instills it into his mind. The Church is liberal, tolerant: from her comes all that is good in social life. And we public officials should try to imitate her. Our prime duty is to keep the road open for the Church so that her hands may be free to teach the doctrine of Christ and thus transform society. In this way we too have our share in the apostolate, albeit indirectly."

These words offer a glimpse into the noble soul of Alcide de Gasperi. He is a sterling Catholic, a man who has learned wisdom, prudence and self-control in the hard school of adversity, a man whose character has been strength-

ened and mellowed by all that he has suffered for his principles.

He was born in Trento in 1881 at the time when Austria ruled the predominantly Italian population of that region, and was zealously trying to Germanize it. He attended the University of Vienna, where he became a Doctor of Philosophy in 1905. He espoused the cause of his fellow-Italians, and his agitation against their oppressors brought him his first taste of prison life—four weeks of confinement in Innsbruck. Invited by Monsignor Endrici to become editor of the "Catholic Voice", he soon changed the name of the paper into the challenging "Trentiono", and carried on the fight for the freedom of his compatriots. At the early age of 30 he was elected to the Parliament of Vienna, and, three years later (1914), to the Diet of Vienna. At the outbreak of World War I he was put under the strictest surveillance and forbidden to see even his own family. Even bitter Italian anti-clericals were forced to give public testimony to the enlightened patriotism of this fearless Catholic.

Trento was restored to Italy, but not to peace. Totalitarians of the left and of the right capitalized on the poverty and confusion that followed upon the war. The *Popular Party* was founded on sane Catholic principles during that period. In 1921 they sent 107 representatives to Parliament. They would no doubt have saved the country had not Mussolini and his blatant blackshirts put a violent end to all democratic

processes. When their great leader, Don Sturzo, was exiled by the fascists, Alcide de Gasperi became secretary of the *Popular Party*.

The fascists tried in every way to win him over to their false philosophy. When he would have no part with them he was condemned to another three years in prison. When all means of gaining a livelihood for himself and his family were cut off, and he was offered a humble position in the Vatican, they tried to deprive him even of that.

This is the great leader who is now meeting with the same opposition from the communists that he once encountered from the fascists. It was his wise and energetic leadership that went far towards gaining the victory over the communists in the elections of 1948. But it was a slender victory. Nobody believed that his government could last. The communists used every means to overthrow it: calumny, abuse, propaganda, bribes, even open violence inside and outside the house of Parliament. But they did not succeed.

Of late, when Alcide de Gasperi has been trying to solve one of Italy's major problems by a redistribution of some of the huge estates that patrician families have held for generations, he has been opposed both by the communists and the plutocrats who hold these fabulous land empires. There could be no better proof that his is the middle way of justice and sanity.

It may be said truly that Alcide de Gasperi is the hope of Italy.

Age of Persecution

The Vatican estimates that between 2000 and 3000 priests have been arrested or kidnapped since the end of the war in the seven European countries dominated by Russia. Thirty-four archbishops, bishops and vicar-generals have been victims of anti-religious communist persecution. Archbishop Stepinac and Cardinal Mindszenty are the most famous of these, but all have suffered in some way, by being sent into exile, imprisoned, or impeded in their work.

Career Women

The position of the Catholic Church on "Career Women" is often misunderstood. Yet she herself offers the widest variety of careers to girls and women.

D. J. Corrigan

"WHY DON'T you allow women to become priests?"

This question comes up more frequently nowadays, especially from the lips of non-Catholics. It may be in part a natural by-product of the modern emancipation of womanhood, which has taken so many women out of their homes and put them in factories, in taverns, in offices, and even, in most countries, into army uniforms. But the Church remains old-fashioned in her adherence to old principles, old ideals and an old faith. So, while an Eleanor Roosevelt *might* be president of these United States, still, were she Catholic, she wouldn't stand a chance of being Pope, or bishop, or priest, or even a humble acolyte.

The most obvious answer to this question is, of course, the fact that our Lord decided that only men were to be priests. We might, with proper humility, elaborate by stating that there were good reasons for our Saviour's decision, in as much as man is more properly fitted by nature, physique, voice and often temperament, for the arduous and important offices of the priesthood. Then there is the rather emphatic injunction of St. Paul in First Corinthians, 14/34-35: "And women are to be silent in the churches; utterance is not permitted them; let them keep their rank, as the law tells them: if they have any question to ask, let them ask their husbands at home." When we see some Protestant denominations with their *ordained* women minis-

ters, we wonder about the sincerity of their belief in the Bible and the Bible alone.

Historically and traditionally, the Catholic Church has maintained that most women's place is in the home. It may be surprising to many, however, to learn that the Church is not against careers for women—even "modern" careers—when these do not interfere with marriage or family or higher duties. The fact is that long before modern careers were thought of by the world at large, the Church had given her official blessing and encouragement to the largest group of career women in all history: our Catholic nuns.

A nun in the United States is usually an American girl or woman who has seen fit to forego the pleasures of home and the world to follow Christ in the most perfect way possible. Here in this country there are almost 150,000 of them. While several thousand have hidden themselves away in the strict enclosures of prayer and penance, most of our American nuns belong to the active Sisterhoods, in which they teach or nurse or take care of orphans, etc. But primarily they have renounced the world and dared to bind themselves by vows to become saints through perfect imitation of our Lord.

So very often it is the best and most promising girls that go into the convent. Sometimes worldly minded people are prone to say: "what a waste!" Others, even some misguided parents, are apt to kick up quite a fuss when

a daughter decides to try the religious life. But sometimes our modern girls are wiser than their elders. In looking around the world they cannot but see that marriage, because of decadent moral and religious standards, is very much of a gamble. They cannot be blamed if they want something sure, and many a pretty little blonde or brunette or even red head has decided that she will be far safer and happier, both for time and eternity, if she enters the convent.

Before a girl enters the religious life, she usually consults her confessor. There the pros and cons are considered, and many a would-be nun is then advised that it is not her calling. If at the direction of her priestly adviser she does apply for admittance, it is first to spend at least six months as a postulant and then one or two years as a novice—trying out convent life. If at the end of this trial period both she and her superiors are satisfied, she then may take her vows temporarily, for one or three years. In many communities these temporary vows may be renewed once or several times, and only after several years of convent life is she allowed to bind herself for life. But even for Sisters under perpetual vows, should a very serious cause demand it, the Holy See can and will grant a dispensation from these vows, since the religious state is of ecclesiastical, not divine, institution.

Not that we would in any way belittle the desirability or merit of the marriage state, but contrast the prudent preparation course of action for the religious life with the procedure so often followed in regard to matrimony. A girl decides to get married to a man whom she has or has not known for a long time. She may, or may not, know that marriage is going to demand many a heart-wringing sacrifice, especially of the girl. Us-

ually a few weeks before the ceremony the couple approach the parish priest, and after one or two instructions and a rehearsal, she vows away her life irrevocably. If the marriage turns out badly, there is no power on earth that can release her from her vow, because God, for the security and permanence of family life, has ordained that there can be no severing of a sacramental marriage, save by death.

The religious, whether Sister, brother or priest, takes three vows: poverty, chastity and obedience. Martin Luther, who as a priest of the Augustinian Order had taken these vows and then broken them to marry an ex-nun, wrote in his two books *Monastic Vows* and the *Clerical State* that these vows were a degrading slavery. But in all the thousands of Catholic books that have been written through the centuries on the religious state, the vows are described as just the opposite: they bring to the Christian soul true liberty, in as much as they free the religious from entangling attachments to worldly possessions, sensual pleasures, and egotistic independence that would prevent his flight toward God.

Our Saviour did not institute the religious orders as such. But in His teachings He laid the foundation for the natural development of religious communities, when He taught, regarding chastity: "He that can take it, let him take it" (Matt. 19/12); regarding poverty: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me" (Matt. 19/21); regarding obedience: that "we should be obedient to His Heavenly Father, even as He was, until death." But because religious orders, as formal societies, have been set up by the Church, they could, if the Church judged it beneficial, be abolished at any time.

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Historically, St. Benedict and his sister, St. Scholastica, of the early sixth century, receive credit for first establishing religious communities of monks and nuns in the modern sense of the term. In a disorganized way, however, there were numerous individuals and groups who followed the evangelical counsels and vows from the days of the Apostles. These were, usually, the hermits in the desert and the many young people of both sexes who took a vow of virginity, in accord with the direction of St. Paul: "He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife; and he is divided." (1 Cor. 7/32, 33)

Almighty God must sometimes smile at the futile efforts of certain groups who periodically select the ten most influential women in the United States and not once ever mention one of His nuns. While some of these lay career women may have contributed to very worthy causes, seldom do their efforts even begin to compare with the influence that most of our Sisters wield in things that really count. I am thinking of a Mother Mary Joseph, who thirty and some years ago founded a community of foreign mission Sisters and who today can number her spiritual daughters by the thousands in most parts of the world; of a Sister Mary who has been nursing lepers for more than fifty years; of a Sister Joan who has patiently guided other people's children to the love of God for two or more generations; of a Sister Marcella who courageously puts up with the complaints of senile men and women whom their own children forgot; or of a Sister Therese who is fulfilling her vow of locking herself completely away from the world to pray

for it and do penance.

One of these days God is going to select His own ten most influential American women. You may be sure that many of them will be from the cloister. There are simply too many fervent girls consecrating themselves to the service of God and charity for their fellowmen to put off long the day when the Church will be raising to her altars not one but many canonized American saints.

So, although God has not willed that Catholic women be priests, His Providence has arranged that, aside from their all important work in Christian homes and the marvelous good that single women often accomplish in the world, there be an ever growing number of generous and courageous young women who are willing to sacrifice all human ties to spread His Kingdom upon earth. The truth is that without our nuns, our schools, hospitals and orphanages would just about close up shop: the work of priests would be most severely handicapped, and many souls would be lost to God and heaven.

The sight of American Sisters, in their quaint styles of centuries past, is fairly common in most parts of America today. It would be interesting to read the thoughts of onlookers, from the patient reverence of good Catholics to the sincere interest of fair-minded non-Catholics and even to the lurking suspicions of minds that have been poisoned by false propaganda about convents and nuns. But even to many Catholics a Sister is something of an enigma: we know what they have done for the Church and for us, but so often there is little that we know about what goes on behind convent doors and under religious veils. For this reason sometimes Catholics are too prone to group all nuns as "sweet" or "holy" or "kind" together with the opposite tabulation of "narrow-minded" or "old fashioned" or "out of

this world."

One does not have to work with Sisters long to learn that though they may wear the same habit of an Order and observe the same Rule, individually they are as different in temperament and personality as people anywhere. In truth, religious life does not attempt to stamp out the desirable differences in human nature, but to eliminate the faulty and to direct all, in accord with talent and abilities, to the common goal of loving God and saving souls. Thus one Sister may, because of her personality and ability, be very popular in the classroom and still be strict, while another may be just as strict but be not as well liked by the children.

There are some traits, however, that most nuns seem to have in common. One is surely their happy facility of having a really good time out of the simple and little joys of life. Another is a firm and sincere love for the Church that makes them rejoice when the Church prospers and grieve when the Church suffers. Still another is their rapt interest in their charges, whether these be school children or the sick, old folks or orphans. Another is the earnest elation that they experience in the apostolate of souls, so that we can truly say that "there is more joy in a convent over one sinner, perhaps a former pupil, who returns to the sacraments, or over one non-Catholic, possibly a former patient, who enters the Church" than from any other source whatsoever. Finally, another characteristic common to most Sisters is the way they can pray, as evidenced by the zeal with which they will try to get to the extra Mass or extra Benediction.

While Sisters do escape many of the cares and dangers of the world, they are not immune to the pains and griefs of mortal flesh, and God sometimes singles them out to be His chosen victims. But every girl is warned upon her approach to the convent that she is heeding an invitation to become perfect by "taking up her cross and following her Redeemer." At times Sisters suffer very much either from bodily infirmity or from mental anguish as the result of misunderstandings from within and without; but, as a rule, their joy and peace in their high vocation enables them, with God's grace, to bear these afflictions, if not always with eagerness, at least with a calm and undisturbed fortitude.

Recently some teaching Sisters were asked what should be put in an article about them. One little nun spoke up: "Tell the people that we are not rich." Just the other day our Catholic newspapers carried a headline to the effect that by 1957 we hope to have 3,500,000 pupils in our Catholic schools. How fortunate we are to have a country-wide corps of degreed and trained teachers who are willing to supply their services for a mere pittance of a salary—barely enough to supply food and clothing for the body!

Another nun suggested, with a twinkle in her eye: "Tell them that we did not come to the convent because we were disappointed in love." She probably meant that this statement could be taken in two ways, for love is certainly not lacking in the convent, but it is directed to a person who will not fail anyone and it is an affection that does not grow cold and die.

Sudden Thought

On hearing a man boast about his catch on a fishing expedition

The wish

Is often father to the fish.

LGM

All Christ's Wealthy Friends

A surprisingly long list of people of worldly means were dear to Our Lord while He lived on earth. Here are most of the names.

R. J. Miller

ANOTHER WEALTHY man befriended by Our Lord was Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue in Capharnaum. His little girl was raised from the dead by Christ. And this was a favor that Jairus had not even thought of asking! When the child was dangerously ill, he came begging Our Lord to accompany him to his home and cure her. But before they reached the house they were met by friends who blurted out:

Your daughter is dead! Don't bother the Rabbi any further!

The poor father's heart sank, but before he could say a word, Our Lord spoke quickly and calmly:

Don't be afraid: only believe!

and He went on to raise the little girl from the dead and gave her back to her parents.

Surely he must have felt a very special regard for this rich man, to show him such extraordinary favor! The working of the miracle itself was wonderful enough, and it was something the man had not thought of, and probably never would have thought of; but Our Lord's immediate reaction to the news that the little girl was dead was in a way still more wonderful. He saw the poor father about to give in to despair, and he hastened to stave it off!

Don't be afraid; only believe!

This is, in fact, one of the few cases

on record in the Holy Gospel where Our Lord took special pains to help a person to have faith in Himself. Usually He seemed to wait for their attitudes, their faith, their confidence, almost as though it was not for Him to interfere with the free choice of their wills. On another occasion, when another father asked him to cure his little boy who was possessed by the devil, he replied:

If you can believe, all things are possible to them that believe!

And to the twelve Apostles, when some of the people had begun to desert Him:

Will you too go away?

Even to Judas Iscariot, come to betray Him to His enemies:

Judas, do you betray the Human Being with a Kiss?

But here, with this wealthy man, He makes an exception. Not content with working by His invisible grace from within, as He always does, He is so eager not to lose him that He hastens to reassure him, to urge him in so many words to have confidence in Himself:

Don't be afraid; only believe!

Besides Jairus, another rich friend of Our Lord is Lazarus whom He raised from the dead, and of whom the Gospel says: "Now Jesus loved Lazarus." He too would seem to have been a wealthy

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man. His sister Mary, at least, was able to anoint Our Lord with very expensive perfume. And the tomb of Lazarus seems to have been something very special, not exactly the poor grave or common vault of an ordinary poor man. Then there is the banquet in Bethania after Lazarus was raised from the dead. To be able to provide such a banquet would indicate that the man of the house was at least not poor.

But did Lazarus actually provide it? The Gospel leaves us somewhat doubtful. It says only that "they"—persons not specified—"made Him a supper there; and Martha served and Lazarus was one of them at table with Him." And it further says that this supper was "in the house of Simon the Leper." So perhaps it was Simon the Leper who really provided the banquet!

But that brings up another interesting question: Who was this "Simon the Leper"? He certainly was not a leper at the time of the supper; lepers simply did not invite their non-leper friends to supper. Had Our Lord cured him of his leprosy? We do not know; it is one of the many untold stories of the Gospel, which we glimpse only, so to say, in passing. But this Simon seems to be a man of at least comfortable circumstances, to have been able to entertain Our Lord and the twelve and other guests at the table or at least to have provided the large house for such a crowd; and there was some bond of friendship between him and Our Lord. So, whatever the mystery, we have another wealthy friend of Christ!

This Simon the Leper reminds us also of Simon the Pharisee, still another rich man, who gave Our Lord a banquet, described in St. Luke's seventh chapter. At that banquet, too, there was a disturbance and a scene: St. Mary Magdalene dashed in, washed Our Lord's feet with her tears and wiped

them with her hair; and Our Lord took her part against Simon the Pharisee.

But we can hardly reckon this Simon the Pharisee among the friends of Christ. Our Lord reproved him, in fact, for his meagre hospitality:

I entered your house and you gave Me no water for my feet...you gave Me no kiss...you failed to give Me oil for My hair.

The implication here, by the way, of the duties of hospitality towards a distinguished guest in Palestine in Our Lord's time is very interesting: to give the guest a kiss, to supply him with a footbath, and with oil for his hair! And it must have been a very ordinary thing to supply these (to us) strange services, otherwise Our Lord would not have reproved the man for failing in this regard!

At least we are justified in not ranking this Pharisee with Our Lord's wealthy friends. In fact, not all the people who invited Him to dine were animated with sentiments of friendship towards Him. Another Pharisee once did so and Our Lord had hardly sat down when He proceeded to pronounce a series of terrific "woes" on the whole class of the Pharisees, as we read in St. Luke's eleventh chapter; and in the fourteenth chapter, when still another Pharisee invited Him "on the Sabbath day to eat bread", St. Luke says "they were watching Him"; watching Him with malice, that is, to get some charge against Him.

But we are speaking of Our Lord's friends here, and not His enemies, among the wealthy, and we have come now to the last one. He is St. Luke himself. St. Paul refers to him as a physician, and Christian tradition also has it that he was an artist; indeed, there are a number of ancient pictures of our Lady said to have been painted by him.

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The picture of our Lady of Perpetual Help, for instance, is said to be a copy of one that came from his brush.

St. Luke, then, must have been at least a professional man, not a member of the poorer class of society, and very likely a gentleman of means and leisure.

But we have seen in the course of these studies of Christ and the wealthy that the other three Evangelists were also from the wealthy class: St. Matthew had been a kind of rich political racketeer; St. Mark was the son of the prosperous owner of the upper room in Jerusalem; and St. John was more than a poverty-stricken back country fisherman, since he was a personal friend of the immensely wealthy Annas, who was father-in-law of Caiphas the high-priest.

Hence, surprising and almost incredible though it may appear, it seems that not one of the four Evangelists was chosen by Christ from the really poorer classes of society!

Let us continue our review of the various wealthy friends of Our Lord.

The Apostle St. Paul, as we have seen, was very likely a very wealthy and influential young Jew when struck down by Our Lord on the road to Damascus. Then there was Zaccheus the chief of the publicans, another immensely wealthy man, singled out by Our Lord for a special favor in Jericho.

The "first-fruits of the Gentiles", the Magi who came from the East, called by a special Providence to worship at the cradle of the new-born Saviour, were unquestionably also very rich men.

And at the very end of His life, He received special signs of friendship from a number of wealthy persons: the my-

sterious owner of the upper room in Jerusalem who put it at His disposal for the Last Supper, and then allowed the Apostles to use it as a meeting place after Our Lord's death and resurrection until Pentecost and beyond. Also the mysterious Claudia Procula, wife of Pontius Pilate, who sought to befriend Our Lord during His Passion. Then, too, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus who took charge of His burial and provided Him with His tomb.

During His public life, the "first-fruits of the Gentiles" to ask Him for a favor was the rich centurion who begged the cure of his servant, and whose humble words have been adapted and enshrined in the daily rite of Holy Mass: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof; only say the word, and my servant shall be healed." There was also the "royal official" of Galilee, whom we identified with "Chuza, Herod's steward", that is, Herod's Prime Minister. Besides, there were the wealthy holy women who followed Him "ministering to Him" and the twelve on their apostolic journeys: Joanna, wife of Chuza, Mary Magdalene, the mother of James and John, and others.

Finally as we saw earlier in the present article, there were Jairus, Lazarus, and Simon the Leper.

How can we reconcile Our Lord's unmistakable friendship for these wealthy people with His stern denunciation of the danger of earthly riches? Just what was it that He did say about money? The following articles in this series will take up these questions.

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We are always complaining that our days are too few, and acting as if they would never end.

To be born a gentleman is an accident, but to die one is an achievement.

H. P. Kaye

It Happened in Rome

Monthly round-up of significant events in the Capitol of Christendom.

C. D. McEnniry

THE HOLY FATHER broke his resolution for the Holy Year—he said he couldn't help it—and gave a long discourse to the delegates who had come to Rome for the "International Congress of Catholic Newspapermen." Their slogan: "The Catholic Press in the service of Truth, Justice and Peace."—Sounds like the slogan at the head of every issue of *The Liguorian*. He knows the long line of obstacles in the way of the Catholic Press, and he enumerated them. But he said it would be a shame to yield to pusillanimity and defeat. Offer, he said, an invincible front to the recent attacks against a sane, free public opinion, and fight to save what is left of it. Be big enough, he said, to discount the vain advantages flowing from sensationalism or empty popularity or pecuniary returns accruing from any but the most correct and dignified advertising. To carry out your delicate task you must be men of competence, of culture, of style, of tact, and first and above all, men of character. Think of the past. Recall the memory of those giants of the Catholic Press. May their names be held in benediction! The thought will strengthen your arm and steel your nerves for your hard but vital task. Confident that, after their example, you will bravely do your duty, we bless you all. These words of the Pope will give courage to the men of the Catholic Press—and to all that help to make their work possible. * * * Italians still think that Christ is Lord of the universe and the winds and the waves obey Him—and that, today, just as in the day of the fishermen on Lake Genezareth, He has something to say

about the fishes. That accounts for the picturesque annual ceremony held at Ostia. Ostium means mouth. Ostia, the plural of ostium, all the mouths through which the Yellow Tiber, after leaving Rome, empties into the sea. In the days when a hundred thousand little sailing boats brought grain from Africa, Ostia was the seaport of Rome. During the war it was a region planted thick with underground mines and overground concrete posts against a threatened American landing. Today, naturally, it is the Coney Island for Rome's milling multitudes. The fishermen of Ostia hope to find sea fruit for the market, and not a watery grave for themselves. And so they ask for a solemn annual blessing of the sea. The honor of conducting the service was conceded to a visitor, Bishop Borge y Castrillo, of Nicaragua. He blessed the sea. A laurel wreath was laid on the waters from the shore. Another was dropped from an airplane in memory of all the men who had died in the waters. Representatives of the government, who had to do with the shore and the fisheries, were present. Also military and diplomatic personages. The renowned military band (Guardia di Finanza) rendered the music. In some ports of the country all those taking part in the blessing of the sea go out in flower-covered boats and are followed by hundreds of others, the procession returning by torchlight. * * * It is too bad that more of our children were not listening when the Holy Father spoke to them by radio. He does love them so much—those whom he addresses: "Our dearest children of America . . . We seem to see your

smiling eyes and happy upturned faces, eager to greet Us and tell Us—oh, so many things: how much you love Jesus, once a child like you, and how firmly resolved you are never to offend Him, never to be disloyal to His Church. With what special pride and fatherly affection we would listen to you speak of those at home you love so much, and of the devoted holy Sisters and Brothers who teach you and guide you. Through you the Holy Father sends them all His special Apostolic Blessing.

* * * On Pentecost Sunday, while the immense Basilica was packed and tens of thousands filled the Square of St. Peter's, the Pope rose, wearing his tiara, while all the Cardinals uncovered their heads, and, in the fullness of his power as Vicar of Christ on earth, declared: "To the honor of the sacred and undivided Trinity, for the exaltation of the Catholic Faith and the spread of the Christian Religion, by the authority of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and of Our Own, after mature deliberation, and after having repeatedly implored the divine aid and sought the counsel of our Venerable Brothers, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, and of the Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops here in the Holy City, we hereby solemnly declare that the Blessed Jane, Queen of the French, is a SAINT of GOD." And he told the reason why. She helped to rule a kingdom in a Christian manner; she founded a religious order; but, what struck us

most (for the Saints are to be imitated), he said that she had a scamp of a husband, and instead of whining about it or pretending that a marriage—like a hat—can be exchanged when it isn't satisfactory, she braced up, offered her sufferings in union with those of Christ, and made herself a Saint out of it.

* * * The Military Circle of Rome gave a party in Barberini Palace (where our former Ambassador, Mr. Kirk, had his apartments) to the association that has been formed to make voluntary contributions to the Blood Bank (Associazione Volontari Italiani del Sangue).

* * * Midnight, May 17, more than two thousand Italians and foreigners assembled at the Square of "Twelve Apostles", the ancient Franciscan Church, next to the Jesuit Biblical Institute. They recited the Pope's prayer for the Holy Year, then set out on foot for the Sanctuary of Mary, Mother of Divine Love, which is ten miles distant and where they arrived at five in the morning. Then followed innumerable confessions and communions and holy Masses before the miraculous picture. When, in 1944, the Pope had vainly tried every means to induce the Germans and the Allies to take measures to exempt Rome from bombardment, the picture was carried in procession through Rome, and the Holy Father conducted the concluding service of the novena. The miraculous preservation of Rome from further bombardment is attributed to Mary, Mother of Divine Love (La Madonna del Divin Amore).

Prayer

You have no right to doubt.
When you needed His Death,
He gave it.
Do you ask that He die again?
Or is it just some lesser thing
He is sure to refuse?

F. M. Lee



Side Glances

By the Bystander

May and June are the months in which many Protestant religious denominations hold conventions and assemblies. Following the short newspaper accounts of what is said and resolved at these conventions, one sees a pattern running through them all. In general, the Christian consciences of those who attend them are shocked and worried over such things as the advance of Communism, the potential terror of A and H bomb wars, and the de-Christianization of society. But when it comes to specific measures or even suggestions for the cure of society's ills, the speeches and resolutions that are quoted from such gatherings seem to be lacking in both appropriateness and definiteness. We have reports from half a dozen such conventions before us, and this is the pattern of recommendations that emerges from them.

Practically all the Protestant conventions of the year have agreed in urging the President of the U. S. not to appoint another personal representative to the Vatican, just as previous conventions urged him to recall the one who was there. The importance of separation between church and state is given as the reason for opposition to such a move. It seems so peculiar that Protestant religious leaders should see any real relationship between these two things. First of all, union of church and state essentially means only one thing: the establishment of a state religion in a nation. A goodly number of nations that are more Protestant in numbers and in influence than the U. S. have envoys or representatives at the Vatican, without a thought of uniting church and state. The only representative the President of the U. S. has had at the Vatican in recent years has been a Protestant, hardly the type of

man who might have been sent there to bring about a union of the Catholic church and the state in America. Scores of American non-catholic political observers have recognized a great political and diplomatic advantage in the presence of a U. S. representative at the Vatican, if on no other score than that such a representative would be close to the greatest center and clearing house of world wide information available to any nation today. Even Mr. David Lawrence, editor of the *U. S. News and World Report*, recently pointed out such advantages. Moreover, there is even an element of inconsistency on the part of Protestant leaders, in the public urging of a policy of total aloofness from the Vatican. They repeatedly urge the cooperation of all Christian bodies against Communism. At one of the meetings of which we have a report, none other than Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, no temporizer with Catholic views, urged that Protestants and Catholics get together to oppose the "ideology of Communism." He went so far as to say: "I am certain that the major Protestant denominations would gladly appoint representatives to sit with such leaders as Cardinal Mooney, Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop Cushing and others; such cooperation would electrify the world." Why does not Bishop Oxnam urge sending somebody to sit down with the Pope? Why do his fellow religionists see such fearful spectres arising from the thought of an American Protestant representative of the President lingering about the Vatican to find out what the Catholic Church knows about Communism and what she is doing to combat it? 'Tis a great mystery.

A second subject that comes up in a large number of Protestant conventions is

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the moral issue of the evil of gambling. It is true that syndicated and commercialized gambling has become a great evil in the U. S. It is an evil, not because gambling in itself is evil, but because it has been made a vehicle for corruption, murder, injustice and a dozen other forms of crime that are contrary to the natural law. Gambling itself is not even hinted at as evil in any of the ten commandments of God. Whatever evil attaches to it arises from some other source, such as injustice, lying, cheating, etc. That is why it seems strange that in a world that is choked with full-blown evils against the natural law and the ten commandments, gambling should be singled out for special attention on the part of religious bodies. However, even this might be understood as a need of the moment if the resolutions against gambling specifically recognized the circumstances that call for an all out campaign against gambling. But the resolutions of which we speak do not make distinctions. They condemn it *in toto*. One such that is before us says: "Christian conscience is outraged by the advocacy of lotteries and other forms of gambling to provide funds for charitable and educational institutions and even churches." Should not any conscience be far more outraged over syndicated gambling, where the real evils are found lurking? And should not consciences that are delicate enough to see danger in gambling, be outraged beyond words by the widespread disregard of the fourth commandment of God, and the fifth, and the sixth and the seventh, and of any of the ten commandments? And is not the abuse of gambling merely an outgrowth of deeper evils in the human heart, such as forgetfulness of God, denial of heaven, greed, envy, etc.?

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This year a new subject has crept into the resolutions of Protestant conventions. It is one that we heartily applaud. In response to the reaffirmation of the Catholic Church's stricture on mixed marriage for

her children, and of the only conditions under which such marriages can be tolerated, many of the Protestant bodies have gone on record as opposing the marriages of their members to Catholics. They cannot make the opposition too strong to please Catholics. It recognizes certain basic truths that have always been accepted by Catholics: (1) that every parent has a serious obligation of transmitting to his (or her) children his own solid religious convictions; (2) that, according to the order of nature, it requires two parents, in perfect agreement on religion, to transmit convincingly religious truths and principles to children; (3) that one who is convinced that he possesses the true religion, cannot without serious and sinful compromise, agree to permit his children to be brought up in another religion. It is true that most Protestants do not accept the conviction that there can be only one true religion, or that they possess the one true religion. Many of them go all the way with their founders' championship of the right of private judgment in religious matters, which, in effect, means the right to change religions, even to place new interpretations on old religions. Such as these will not need to feel conscience-stricken over promising a Catholic spouse to let their children be brought up as Catholics. Starting with the thought (no matter how illogical) that different religions can be true, they could feel that their children were being brought up in one of the true religions. But a Protestant who, by reason of background and erroneous training, was convinced that the Catholic religion was not true, or that his Protestant religion was the only true one, would certainly be subjectively doing wrong to marry anyone on condition that he sacrifice his duty of transmitting his own convictions to his children. That is why Catholics are happy to see Protestant leaders coming out strongly against mixed marriages for their followers.



Catholic Anecdotes

Right About Face

An incident related by Thomas Francis Rett in the *Holy Name Journal* illustrates in a modern way the power of the rosary.

Mr. Rett tells of a street campaigner for Christ who, during one of his lectures in a public square, was heckled by a young communist who kept shouting:

"The Pope is a Fascist!"

A few nights later the same speaker was conducting another meeting, and noticed that the young Pope-hater was again in his audience. It so happened that on this particular night, by a pre-arranged plan, the speaker invited his audience to join him in the recitation of the rosary. Naturally, he wondered what kind of a reception his request would receive, and was surprised to notice that his friend stood quietly for a time as the rosary was begun, and after a little while even began to join in the responses.

After the meeting, the young communist approached the speaker and said:

"Say, I never saw anything like that in my life. I know what the rosary is, but I never thought I would see people on the street saying it together."

Taking a long chance, the campaigner for Christ replied:

"How long since you have been to confession?"

A pause, then the rather sheepish answer: "Four years."

Two hours later the "communist" came out of St. Francis Xaxier Church in New York, having made his peace with God. All he could say to the campaigner who waited for him there was

this:

"Thanks, Tom. Thanks very much."

He had already offered his thanks to Mary, Queen of the Rosary.

Without Sentiment

The following incident is related of Valpeau, a celebrated surgeon in France who lived in the last century.

Valpeau successfully performed a very delicate operation on a little child five years old. The mother, overjoyed, called at the surgeon's office and said:

"Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really do not know how to express my gratitude. Allow me, therefore, to present to you this pocketbook, embroidered with my own hands."

The eminent doctor took the wallet and looked at it somewhat disdainfully.

"Madame," he said, "my art is not merely a matter of feeling. My life has its necessities, like yours, and sentiment must give way to these requirements. Allow me, therefore, to decline your charming little present, and, if agreeable to you, to request a more substantial remuneration."

The good lady blushed with embarrassment, saying:

"But monsieur, what remuneration do you desire? Fix the fee yourself?"

"Five thousand francs, madame."

Thereupon the lady quietly opened the pocketbook, which the doctor had handed back to her, and took out of it ten one thousand franc notes. Carefully she counted out five of them, and handed them to the surgeon. Then, without another word, and taking with her the purse and the remaining money, she left the room.



Pointed Paragraphs

Denouncing Communism

The famous radio priest of England, the Rev. John C. Heenan, recently made a visit to the United States. One of his comments on what he saw and heard was to the effect that American Catholics seem overconcerned about the Communist menace. He stated that he heard scarcely a single speech by a Catholic clerical or lay leader, the whole time he was over here, that did not make a special point of belaboring Communism.

It has long been our own thought that too many of us have preferred the easy task of condemning Communism to the hard task of trying to correct abuses in our midst (and in our own hearts) that give Communism its only appeal. We are prone to forget that there are two parts to the encyclical of Pope Pius XI on Atheistic Communism. In the first part he analyzed Communism and condemned it. In the second part, he summarized a positive program of action, that, he himself says, is the only really practical means of combatting and destroying Communism.

The mere headings of the Pope's remedies for the evils that promote Communism suggest innumerable opportunities for speeches, discussions, activities and personal endeavor on the part of Catholics. They are:

1) *A sincere renewal of Christian life.* "There are too many (says the pope) who are Catholics hardly more than in name." Sincere examinations of our own conscience, making missions and retreats, Legion of Mary and St. Vincent de Paul work, are all campaigns against Communism. How many denounce Com-

munist without using these means?

2) *Detachment from worldly goods.* "All Christians, rich or poor, (says the Pope) must keep their eyes fixed on heaven, remembering that 'we have here no lasting city, but we seek one that is to come.'" Speeches about heaven are far better, in most instances, than speeches against Communism.

3) *Christian charity.* "We desire (said the Pope) that this divine precept, this precious mark of identification left by Christ to His true disciples, be ever more fully explained by pen and by word of mouth; this precept which teaches us to see in those who suffer Christ Himself, and would have us love our brothers as our divine Saviour has loved us." What a wonderful thing if, for every speech given against Communism, an equally fervent one could be given in behalf of true charity and brotherly love!

4) *Strict justice.* "The wage-earner (said the Pope) is not to receive as alms what is his due in justice. And let no one attempt with trifling charitable donations to exempt himself from the great duties imposed by justice . . . It is unfortunately true that the manner of acting in certain Catholic circles has done much to shake the faith of the working classes in the religion of Jesus Christ." Some of our best speakers against Communism come from these very circles about which the Pope speaks sadly.

5) *Social justice.* "Social justice (said the Pope) cannot be said to have been satisfied as long as workingmen are denied a salary that will enable them to secure proper sustenance for them-

selves and for their families; as long as they are denied the opportunity of acquiring a modest fortune and forestalling the plague of universal pauperism; as long as they cannot make suitable provision through public or private insurance for old age, for periods of illness and unemployment." We have a duty to our stockholders, says the man who pays a non-living wage, as he goes out to make another speech against Communism. Pauperized workmen will become Communists, despite all his speeches.

This is a program of resistance to Communism (without need of mentioning the name) that will leave no sincere Catholic at a loss for words or suggested action. Promoting this program will keep us all from using denunciations of Communism as a smokescreen for our own personal shortcomings as Christians.

Too Many Collections?

It is time once more to allay the fears of our Catholic people that the Church is asking for too much money.

Everybody knows that there are drives going on in every diocese of the country. Hardly a Sunday goes by without a special appeal at all the Masses for this cause or that charity. There seems always to be a bazaar or a social in the making, backed up by the chance book, one or more of which are sent out to all the wage earners of the parish. There are altars to be built, coal to be bought and floors to be repaired. Always something. Then along come the special collectors, foreign missionaries and the diocesan newspaper promoters, asking for money over and above all the rest.

People say that they are getting tired of all this, and that it should be stopped.

Are they justified in their criticism?

We do not know of a single Catholic

who has actually impoverished himself or who has even had to give up his car or any other luxury that he possesses because of his donations to the Church. Undoubtedly there are some who have gone that far. But they are few and far between.

Very seldom is a penny asked of a congregation unless the cause is most worthy for which the penny will be spent. No congregation ever heard a priest ask for a collection for himself from the pulpit, or for money to be used in a worldly project.

Orphans, hospitals, schools and universities, new churches, Catholic literature, the support of the Faith in non-Catholic areas, repairs on the parish properties — can these things, and many other things like them, be neglected merely because they demand money? Or can a real Catholic say that he has done enough (if he is able comfortably to do more) if he has given a donation to the Indians in the Dakotas and has helped in the building of the seminary, and then has given no more?

Charity means loving the neighbor. Sometimes the best way, in fact the only available way, of showing this love is through generosity. A lot of soft words won't help a man when he is starving or when his soul can be protected only through financial aid which builds for him a church or sends him a priest.

At any rate no one is asked to give if he cannot give, or if giving would cause him inconvenience. He is asked to give only according to his means. The Bible told men of old to give one tenth of their earnings to religion. Are there many people giving ten cents out of every dollar they make to the Church?

The many drives for money — money to be used in charitable causes — are a sign of the vitality of the Church.

When asking for money, in order that others might be helped, ceases, the Church is beginning to die.

King's Love Story

Among events that promote beyond measure the rebelliousness of this generation against the Christian laws of marriage, count high on the list the facts behind the abdication of the throne of England by Edward, Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor, and the publication of the story in serial fashion in *Life* magazine.

The title of the story might have been "Love is Everything" or "Love Conquers All." Edward fell in love with a married woman, not yet divorced. He was the universally beloved king of England, though not yet crowned; and with his title of king went that of official head of the Anglican Church. He had an unparalleled opportunity for setting an example of fidelity to Christian principles to millions of people. He chose on the contrary to set an example of what, in terms of Christian principle, is illicit love and forbidden marriage.

His story is published in *Life* as told by himself. It is made into a kind of fairy tale, in which the whole official and political world around him is the enemy of "true love", but in which "love" conquers all obstacles in the end. Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, the English Parliament, the American and (later) most of the English newspapers, are made to look like dour villains, intent on depriving a man, albeit a king, of his true love.

Only once in the four published articles, is a hint given that the king ever considered the religious and moral implications of his situation. That was when he refused to go ahead with the coronation ceremony because he felt it would be hypocrisy on his part. "The

coronation," he says, "is fundamentally a religious service. The King is anointed with holy oil; he takes the sacrament, and as a defender of the faith, he swears an oath to uphold the doctrines of the Church of England, which of course does not recognize divorce. For me to have gone through the coronation ceremony while harboring in my heart a secret intention to marry contrary to the Church's tenets would have meant being crowned with a lie on my lips. This I could not do."

Bravo! for those words renouncing hypocrisy. But there is no hint, in them or in any other words of the ex-king, of renouncing something as much condemned by Christ as hypocrisy, viz., marriage to a divorced person. And a million little people will read this story of the big man's un-Christian love, of his renouncing a kingdom in its favor, of his beating back the politicians and statesmen and clergy to defend it, and will forget the words of Christ and think dreamily and romantically of similar loves.

Who shall save such lost children from heaven and God?

Ban on Poison

It has lately become quite fashionable to fulminate against that large class of comic books and juvenile literature which glorifies crime and exploits sex. More and more people are recognizing that this sort of reading must in the very nature of things be contributing heavily to the current juvenile crime wave.

In the city of St. Cloud, Minn., the authorities have done more than talk about the matter. They have moved into action.

A few months ago they met in session to deliberate on the matter, and the result of their deliberations was Ordinance 345. We have a copy of the

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new law before us as we write, and it strikes us as a good working model for any community interested in dealing properly with these publications and the morons who publish and distribute them.

After the usual preamble, the Ordinance states:

"It shall be unlawful for any person . . . to sell . . . print, distribute, or offer for distribution any comic book, magazine . . . or other publication within the City of St. Cloud, Minn. which . . . prominently features an account of horrors, robberies, murders, arson, . . . ridicule of law enforcement or parental authority; or are obscene, immoral or lewd . . . or ridicule any person . . . by reason of race, creed or color; or advocate unamerican or subversive activities."

Following this, provision is made for a Board of Review, composed of six members, including the mayor, which shall meet once a month and pass upon such material as is brought to its attention. Every newsdealer in town is required to maintain a list of the publications he sells or distributes, which list shall be open at all times to the inspection of the board of review.

Finally, the authorities put teeth into their ordinance by the following provision:

"Any person, firm, company or corporation who shall violate any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be subject to a fine of One Hundred Dollars or imprisonment not to exceed ninety days for each offense; and any person, firm, company or corporation shall be deemed guilty of a separate offense for every day on which such violation continues after receiving written notice thereof from the Board of Review."

There are some, of course, who, on reading of such censorship, would immediately emit loud cries of anguish. Censorship to them is a hideous thing, worthy of the utmost reprobation. We think, however, that the majority of right-thinking people will agree that if it is sensible to keep arsenic out of a child's reach, it is right and proper to protect the child from poisonous reading as well. We commend the St. Cloud authorities for their courage in attacking a problem which cries out for the attention of every community in the nation.

The Lure of The Wild

After making a careful study of the vacation advertisements in some of the Great Outdoors magazines, one of our operators has reached one set conclusion. If he ever goes into the resort business, he says, he is going to pick out a name for his place which no one can pronounce and only Funk and Wagnalls can spell. A resort cannot hope to succeed, he contends, with just an ordinary name like "Happy Lodge". The name must have a certain exotic flavor about it, carrying a person back to the days of the savage Iroquois.

In proof of his contention, our man presented to us the following samples, which he actually picked up in magazine advertisements:

Camp Passumpic	Club Ouananiche	Lake Meme-sag-ami-sing
Camp Beenadeewin	Lake Panasoffkee	Lake Maxinkuckee
Inawindawin	Okeechobee Lodge	Lake Kabetogama
Lake Kiwadiniipi	Chicaubiche Lodge	Club Cunadaigua



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

THE LAST THINGS

6. *The Last Judgment (Cont.):*

It is certain that all men who have existed from the creation of the world until its end, both good and evil, infants and adults, the faithful and infidels, will appear on the day of judgment before the tribunal of Jesus Christ to render an account of their whole life. This is the common opinion of all Catholic theologians, and is expressed in no uncertain manner in Sacred Scripture. Christ Himself, speaking of the end of the world, remarked: "All nations shall be gathered together before Him". (Mt. 25/32) And St. Paul clarifies the meaning of His Divine Master: "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Every one of us shall render account to God for himself." (Rom. 14/10-12). "We must all be manifested before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or evil." (2 Cor. 5/10)

St. Thomas assigns this reason for the universal judgment being imposed upon all men. The power of judging has been conferred upon Jesus Christ as man as a reward for the humility with which He obeyed His heavenly Father in undergoing death upon the cross. It is only reasonable, therefore, that all men be witnesses of the glory which has been conferred upon Him in that human nature, according to which the Father has constituted Him the Judge of the living and the dead.

Though this doctrine of the judgment of all men can hardly be denied, there are a number of interesting and difficult questions which arise from its universal

character. For instance, how can those infants, who have died without the use of reason, render an account of good or evil actions? St. Thomas answers that these infants will appear at the judgment not to undergo an examination as will other men, but as witnesses of the glory of the Judge.

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks of our limited human intellects will always be the apparent injustice involved in the condemnation of unbaptized infants to exclusion from the beatific vision. Until such a time as our intellects are elevated by the beatific vision to a deeper insight into the harmony between the divine wisdom, justice and mercy, we shall have to be satisfied with such plausible reasons as are offered by St. Augustine and St. Thomas. St. Augustine, for instance, argues that, just as an infant *believes* through the intermediary of another, the sponsor, who exclaims 'I believe' in its name in the administration of the sacrament of baptism, and thus, though it does not possess the use of reason, merits to be received into the heavenly kingdom, so also if through the fault or neglect of another it be deprived of baptism, it must be excluded from heaven. St. Thomas adds that these infants are not condemned through any fault of their own, but because of the sin of our first parents.

Some centuries ago, theologians disputed bitterly upon the question of the condition of infants who died without baptism. Some maintained that they are merely excluded from heaven, that they will not suffer, and will enjoy a state of natural happiness in a place which,

even after the last judgment, shall be known as 'Limbo'; while others held that they shall not merely be excluded from heaven, but shall also suffer from the loss of heaven as well as from the pain of sense, with which the damned are afflicted, though in their case, this will be greatly mitigated. We subscribe wholeheartedly to the former opinion, which is that of St. Thomas, according to which those infants who die without baptism will be subject to neither the pain of sense nor that of loss. It seems more equitable, more probable, and more in accordance with the divine mercy that they receive neither reward nor punishment in the other life.

A rather speculative question has at times been discussed among theologians, as to whether or not the good and fallen angels shall also be judged in the last judgment. St. Thomas is of the opinion that they shall not be judged with respect to their state of beatitude or damnation, for there is nothing of evil in the good angels, and nothing of good in the wicked. They shall, however, be judged with respect to the good or evil which they have wrought in the human race: the good angels receiving an increase in glory because of the salvation of their clients, whom they have aided in saving; while the wicked angels will suffer an increase of torment because of the ruin of men who have been lost through their machinations. This happiness of the angels and torment of the devils, however, will be a purely accidental reward or punishment.

We have remarked previously that Jesus Christ will reveal to each one to be judged and to all who will assist at the judgment, all the personal merits and demerits of each individual along with their accompanying circumstances. For in every trial the witnesses, the accusers and the judges must have a complete

knowledge of the case. Hence, the books of the consciences of all men will be opened in this general judgment, and each will be able to read therein all his good or evil works. According to the view which is unfolded in these books the sentence of life or death shall be pronounced by the Judge.

With regard to the just, who have died in the state of grace, it is inconceivable that they should not experience some sorrow at the sight of their former sins. How, then, can this be harmonized with the words of St. John, who remarks that in heaven "sorrow shall not be any more"? (Apoc. 21/4) In this life, those who love God cannot but experience deep sorrow for having offended Him. But in heaven, the joy of the Blessed will be such that there will be no possibility of experiencing any sorrow whatsoever. Especially will the remembrance of the divine mercy in pardoning them their sins and delivering them from hell, be a source of joy to the Blessed, just as the souvenirs and scars of battle are a source of increased glory for the soldier.

The damned, on the other hand, will receive no solace from the remembrance of the graces which they have received and the good deeds which they have done. On the contrary, this remembrance will but aggravate their suffering, for upon being reminded of the good which they possessed and which they have lost, their sorrow at its loss will become far more poignant.

Not only will each individual perceive his own works mirrored in his own conscience, but all the works of all men will, likewise, be revealed to all other men in their own consciences. This is made necessary in order that all might recognize the justice of the divine Judge, with which He will reward and punish. This revelation will reap a harvest of honor and consolation

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for the just, for thus they will be made to realize more fully that they have really merited their reward with the help of the divine grace. St. Paul could, therefore, write to his disciple, Timothy: "As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord the just Judge will render to me in that day". (2 Tim. 4/8)

PRAYER

O Jesus, my Redeemer, I thank Thee for not having cast me into hell, after I have so frequently merited it. Unfortunate would I be, should I still be cast into it! There all the sufferings which Thou hast undergone for me, will profit me nothing to snatch me from that abyss. But, since Thou hast supported me up to the present time, perform but one more work of Thy divine mercy, and grant me strength to live entirely for Thee during the remainder of my life. Should I find myself tomorrow in the valley of Josaphat, how I would wish to have loved and suffered for Thee, Who hast suffered so much for me! Oh, pardon me, my Judge, before that hour of judgment arrives for me! But while I still live, I repent with my whole soul of having voluntarily lost Thy grace. Grant me, I beseech Thee, this grace of a

sincere and lasting sorrow. I love Thee with my whole soul, and I hope to love Thee always in this life and throughout all eternity; I hope to chant Thy mercies in heaven.

O Lord, Thou hast promised to hear him who prays to Thee. When I shall have arrived at the end of my life, I know not whether I shall have the time or inclination to address this prayer to Thee. I therefore make it now; hear me! My Saviour and my Judge, I am about to leave this world and to appear in Thy presence to be judged. Receive, I pray Thee, my soul into Thy hands, and turn not Thy face from me. By Thy precious Blood Thou hast paid the price of my salvation. Complete the work which Thou hast begun in me; bless me and place me among the number of the elect. With this expectation, receive the sacrifice which I make to Thee of my life. Permit not that one who loves Thee should be lost, and instead of loving and praising Thee in heaven should be precipitated into hell, there to hate and blaspheme Thee throughout all eternity. No, my Jesus, permit it not. Mother of God, O Mary, pray for me; I entrust myself to Thee.

For the Opening of School

We suggest that all parents who will have a child in school this September obtain and read a copy of the pamphlet entitled "Rules for Schooling". This is a reprint of an article that appeared in *The Liguorian* last September. It summarizes the obligations of parents in respect to the schooling of their children, pointing out the right attitude toward problems involving the child's conduct in school, the child's teachers and superiors in school, and the child's companions at school. Following the pamphlet's suggestions will spare parents a great deal of grief. The pamphlet sells for 7 cents, postage paid, with discounts for quantities over five. Order from

The Liguorian Pamphlet Office
Liguori, Missouri



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

COVELLE NEWCOMB, 1908- Juvenile Biographer

I. Life:

Covelle Newcomb, the daughter of James Pearson and Herma Harms Newcomb, was born in San Antonio, Texas, on September 7th, 1908. Her father was a member of a well known Texas family that figured prominently in the formation of the state. After a public school elementary education, Covelle entered the Incarnate Word High School in San Antonio. This contact with the Sisters led her to leave the Anglican church and enter the Catholic Church on April 11th, 1925. In search of a career, Miss Newcomb attended several colleges, and tried medicine and child psychiatry before she decided on writing, a choice she has never regretted. Many of her summers have been spent in travelling, especially in the tropics. In 1942 Miss Newcombe married the author and artist, Addison Burbank, a convert from the Moravian church. Her books have brought her many honors from various sources. The Eugene Field Society has made her an honorary member, and the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors includes her as a member. The first annual Downey Medal for the finest American children's book of the year was given to Miss Newcombe in 1942. She now lives with her husband in Port Jefferson, New York.

II. Writings:

Encouraged by her high school teacher, Covelle entered and won an essay contest sponsored by the University of Texas. This

interest in writing finally led her into the choice of her career. While doing post-graduate work at New York University, her teacher suggested that she develop her special talents in the juvenile field. This advice has been followed so well that all her books are "novelized biographies" for the teen-age group. Miss Newcombe is an indefatigable worker and her favorite position is reclining on a day bed with a typewriter on her knees.

Her first book, *Black Fire*, is the story of Henri Christophe, the slave who became King of Haiti. Some of the other biographies are: *Vagabond in Velvet*, the life of Cervantes; *Larger than the Sky: A Story of James Cardinal Gibbons*; *Cortez, the Conqueror*. With her husband, Addison Burbank, she wrote *Narizona's Holiday*.

III. The Book:

When Miss Newcomb was taking a post-graduate course in "Nineteenth Century Prose Authors", she became interested in Cardinal Newman, and chose him as the subject of her Master's thesis. Her knowledge and love of the great Cardinal led to the publication of her second book, *The Red Hat*, a selection of the Pro Parvulis Book Club. The absorbing story of the trials and final triumph of this churchman is told in a way that the young will enjoy. *The Red Hat* is a good introduction both to Cardinal Newman and to Miss Newcomb.

AUGUST BOOK REVIEWS

Life of Christ

Pattern Divine. By Rev. Patrick J. Temple. 389 pp. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder Co. \$5.00

The Nazarene. By Eugene Zolli. Translated by Rev. Cyril Vollert, S.J. 309 pp. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder Co. \$5.00.

From his student days at the Catholic University, Father Temple has been interested in the hidden life of Christ. The results of his research are found in his book, *Pattern Divine*, the story of the first thirty years of the life of our Lord. The sketchy details from the Gospel narrative of these years are completed by the fuller facts of profane history to furnish a good picture of the early years of Christ. A good idea of the purpose and scope of the book is given in the prefatory words of Very Reverend Jacques M. Vosté, O.P. "His work is positive and constructive: it is exegetical and historical, theological, and ascetical. These elements are all perfectly blended and go to make this work, unique in its kind, a standard work, a monument in honor of the hidden life of our Lord. As good a priest as he is an exegete, the author treats the Gospel as a source of life, not failing when the occasion arises to draw the moral lessons that flow from the divine word and example of Jesus." Scholars will welcome this study, and the average reader will be able to derive much profit from this volume which is not beyond their capacity. *Pattern Divine* is the June selection of the Spiritual Book Associates.

The Nazarene, the second book on the New Testament, is concerned with the explanation of certain Semitic phrases in the Gospels. Its author, Professor Eugenio Zolli, as a convert Rabbi is well qualified for this task of interpretation. After an introductory chapter on Semitic expressions in the New Testament, the author discusses various phrases in the succeeding chapters. Some of the expressions examined

by Profesor Zolli are: "Nazarene", "salt of the earth", "Lamb of God" and "breaking of bread". The title *Nazarene* is a bit misleading because this discussion is only one of the fourteen chapters in the book. The learned Professor of the University of Rome has written a book that will be welcomed by biblical scholars.

Thesaurus of the Old Testament

Theology of the Old Testament. By Dr. Paul Heinisch. Translated by Rev. William Heidt, O.S.B. 386 pp. Collegeville, Minnesota: The Liturgical Press. \$5.00.

In 1940, Father Paul Heinisch, the foremost living Catholic authority on the Old Testament, issued his first edition of the *Theology of the Old Testament*. Since that time notable changes have been made in the manuscript, but a new edition has not been published due to post-war conditions in Germany. The author has graciously allowed the translator to use the revised manuscript as the basis for this English translation.

This volume is almost an encyclopedia of biblical knowledge of the Old Testament arranged in the order of the treatises of the theology. Even a cursory examination will reveal to the reader the extensiveness and profundity of the knowledge of the author. The completeness of the treatment is seen from the enumeration of the five main parts: I. God; II. Creation; III. Human Acts; IV. Life after death; V. Redemption. The depth of the book is seen from an examination of the table of contents which reveals the minuteness of the discussions under each part. A wealth of scriptural texts and references furnishes abundant illustration of the doctrinal teaching of the old law. The bibliography will be of service only for scholars, because most of the references are to German books or articles. This is a classic work of arrangement of the *Theology of the Old Testament*.

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Some Worth While Pamphlets

OUR LADY: *The Titles of Our Lady* (Liguorian Pamphlet Office) By R. J. Spitzer, C.Ss.R. Inspiring and practical reflections on the invocations of the Litany of Loreto.

The Life of Mary (Paulist Press). By Rev. Harry Hasselberg, C.Ss.R. Modern journalist's interesting narrative of the life of the Blessed Virgin.

Our Lady and Daylight Saving. (Radio Replies Press) By Rev. James J. Galvin, C.Ss.R. Well told story of the various interventions of the Blessed Virgin that saved the daylight of civilization.

The Challenge of Fatima. (Grail) By Raphael Grashoof, C.P. The story of Fatima written for retreatants.

THE SACRAMENTS: *My Sacramental Record.* (Catechetical Guild) By Rev. Albert F. Eichinger and Rev. Bernard H. Murray. Engraved records for the reception of the Sacraments of Baptism, First Holy Communion, Confirmation, and Matrimony.

The Gift of Life. (Collegeville) The rite of infant baptism.

The Seal of the Spirit. (Collegeville) The rite of Confirmation.

Christian Married Love. (Collegeville). By Rev. Gerald Vann, O.P. Profound study of the beauty of married love by a great theologian.

MASS AND HOLY COMMUNION: *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.* (Enthronement Center of the Sacred Heart). By Father Mateo, SS.CC. A beautiful meditation on the Mass in thanksgiving for

fifty years of offering the Sacrifice.

Praying the Mass With Jesus (Grail) By Sister Mary Richard, O.S.B. Pictures and short aspirations for children.

Communion Crusade. (Radio Replies) By Father Lawrence G. Lovasik, S.V.D. 94 page pamphlet on nature and effects of Eucharist, preparation and thanksgiving. *Pray Like That.* (Charette) By J. Robert Charette. Prayers before and after Communion.

WAY OF THE CROSS. *Let Us Go With Him.* (Catholic Home Journal). By Rev. Edwin Dornzweiler, O.F.M. Cap. 6 different ways of making the stations with Christ.

The Way of the Cross for Crossbearers. (Grail). By Rev. C. A. Liederbach. Considerations for those who are carrying their own cross.

VARIOUS. *They and God.* (Radio Replies). By Rev. George H. Mahowald, S.J. Radio broadcasts on men and women with a message for us.

R. N. Means Real Nurse (Radio Replies). By Rev. James N. Bennett, C.Ss.R. Practical considerations for the self-improvement of nurses.

Clean Love in Courtship. (Radio Replies). By Rev. Lawrence G. Lovasik, S.V.D. Practical tips on dating and courtship. *The Pater Noster of St. Teresa.* (Grail). Meditations of the great Saint on the phrases of the Lord's Prayer.

Federal Aid to Education. (America Press). By Rev. Robert C. Hartnett, S.J. Scholarly discussion of the rights of children attending non-public schools.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

AVE MARIA PRESS: *Marita of the Gypsies.* By Anne Morehead.

BRUCE PUBLISHING CO.: *The Holy See At Work.* By Edward L. Heston.

FATHERS OF THE CHURCH INC.: *The City of God.* By St. Augustine. Translated by Demetrius B. Zema, S.J. and Gerald G. Walsh, S.J. *Niceta of Remesiana, Sulpicius Severus, Vincent of Lerins,*

Prosper of Aquitaine.

B. HERDER CO.: *God and the Soul.* By Reverend Henry Mohr. *More About Marmion.* By the Earl of Wicklow. *Christ the Savior.* By Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O. P.

ST. ANTHONY GUILD PRESS: *The Eucharist and Christian Life.* By Bishop Aloysius J. Willinger, C.Ss.R.

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BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published at the
University of Scranton, Scranton, Pa.

I. Suitable for any reader:

A Man From South Dakota—*Reeves*
Reginald Pole—*Schenk*
How To Guess Your Age—*Ford*
Saint Anne and the Goutry Rector—*Gheon*
Our Sovereign State—*Allen*
Swiftwater—*Annixter*
The Vatican—*Carnahan*
Fitting God Into the Picture—*Coakley*
Innocents at Home—*Considine*
Storm of Time—*Dark*
Louis Pasteur—*Dubos*
Mr. Midshipman Hornblower—*Forester*
Gentian Hill—*Goudge*
James Fenimore Cooper—*Grossman*
Phantom Fortress—*Lancaster*
The Dishonest Murderer—*Lockridge*
As We Ought—*McCorry*
Certainly, I'm a Catholic—*McDermott*
Overture to Overlord—*Morgan*
Jesuits for the Negro—*Reynolds*
The King's Cavalier—*Shellabarger*
The Mating Season—*Wodehouse*
The Romantic New Orleanians—*Tallant*

II. Suitable for Adults:

A. Because style and contents are too advanced for adolescents:
The Circle of the Day—*Howe*
Not By Any Single Man—*Knight*
Comes the Comrade—*Orme*
Mink on Weekdays—*Lampart*
Seeds of Treason—*de Toledano*
Phoenix and Turtle—*Gilby*
Introduction to the History of Science—*Sarton*
And Madly Teach—*Smith*
My Three Years in Moscow—*Smith*
The Police State—*Thompson*
The Wooden Horse—*Williams*
Home Sweet Zoo—*Barnes*
The Coming Defeat of Communism—*Burnham*
The Strange Land—*Calmer*

The American Mind—*Commager*
The Country of the Blind—*Counts*
Imperial Renegade—*De Wohl*
The Wall—*Hersey*
Tarry Flynn—*Kavanaugh*
Mary O'Grady—*Lavin*
A Few Flowers for Shiner—*Llewellyn*
Each Bright River—*McNeilly*
The Merry Miracle—*Mian*
The Art of Real Happiness—*Peale*

B. Because of immoral incidents, which do not, however, invalidate the book as a whole:

The Indoor Bird Watcher's Manual—*Ferril*
Sunrise to Sunset—*Adams*
In Sicily—*Vittorini*
The Diplomat—*Aldridge*
Jubilee Trail—*Bristow*
The Horse's Mouth—*Cary*
The Dusty Godmother—*Foster*
The Hidden Hero—*Kauffmann*
Little Lost Boy—*Laski*
This Dark Monarchy—*Leary*
Dear Hollywood—*Lowell*
Love Story—*McKenney*
Morning Time—*O'Neill*
A Search for a King—*Vidal*

III. Not recommended to any class of reader:

Still the Heart Sings—*Kirkbridge*
Magnus the Magnificent—*White*
We Went Thataway—*Smith*
The Vintage—*West*
The Pink House—*White*
World and Paradise—*Maas*
Home Town—*Amory*
Never Dies the Dream—*London*
The Sheltering Sky—*Bowles*
The Parasites—*Du Maurier*
The Man From Nazareth—*Fosdick*
The Vatican in World Politics—*Manhattan*



Lucid Intervals

Few men realize how insidiously age creeps up on them until some trivial incident opens their eyes.

One morning Jimpson reached the office in a dejected frame of mind. Gone was his usual buoyant greeting; he seemed to have undergone some sort of shock. Lunching with one of his office cronies, he blurted out: "Tell me, candidly, do I show signs of approaching senility; do I look as if I needed a cane?"

His friend laughed. "Snap out of it, old chap. What in the world has happened to you since yesterday? You're not your care-free self, at all!"

"I'll never again be the same," Jimpson replied, sadly: "This morning in the subway, a young lady offered me her seat!"

Magistrate (to witness): "Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

Witness: "That's where I met him."

A mental patient was obsessed with the idea that he was dead. The psychiatrist told him to stand in front of a mirror and repeat, "Dead men don't bleed." Then the doctor stuck a pin in the patient's finger and made it bleed a trifle. "Now, do you see?" said the doctor triumphantly.

"Oh-ho, yes, I see now," said the patient. "Dead men DO bleed."

A New Yorker took a visiting young woman to an Italian restaurant and, posing as a cosmopolitan and linguist, told the waiter: "Bring us two orders of Guiseppe Verticelli."

"Beg pardon," said the waiter, "but that's the proprietor."

An applicant for an insurance policy, asked what his father died of, replied: "I forget now, but it was nothing serious."

Tommy came home proudly from his first day at school. "What did you learn in school?" his mother asked. "Oh, nothing," he replied, then, seeing the look of disappointment on his mother's face, hastened to add, "but I learned a lot during recess."

The young husband had just arrived home from the office.

"What's the matter, darling?" he asked "You look flustered."

"Oh, I've had a dreadful day," his wife answered. "First baby cut his first tooth, then he took his first step, and then he fell and knocked out his tooth."

"Well, and then what happened?" asked her husband.

"Oh, darling," she answered in a shocked voice, "he said his first word!"

Two dairies were engaged in an advertising war. One of the companies engaged a daredevil racer to drive a car around the town with large placards reading: "This Daredevil Drinks Our Milk." The rival company came out with placards twice as large, reading: "You don't have to be a Daredevil to Drink Our Milk."

The doctor had for a patient a stubborn, self-opinionated man who disregarded most of his advice and diet rules. After the third visit, with no improvement in the man's condition, the doctor blew up. "I cannot understand your mulish attitude," he snapped. "I have done all that I could for you, but you refuse to follow my directions. I suggest that in the future, you consult Dr. X down the street."

"Why, that man is a veterinary!" the stubborn one exclaimed.

"I am well aware of the fact," the doctor replied. "Good-day, sir!"